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Comment
Of The
Day

All one body we?

ONE of the greatest stupidities and tragedies that the 20th century has not solved is that religious bigotry is more firmly entrenched in the world than ever even though more than 400 years have passed since Luther's wrangles with Pope Leo X. It is all the more tragic that this should be so because if Christian love and forgiveness is unable to achieve a reconciliation in mankind, what chance is there of solving the conflict of ideologies between East and West?

In America, one of the most serious and bitter issues in the Presidential election campaign is that one of the candidates is a Roman Catholic. All the old Puritan prejudices are being called up in an endeavour to smear him but it is useless condemning, as some have done, the "lunatic fringe" for the fanaticism with which Senator Kennedy is opposed. Suspicion and distrust is general in the Protestant Church and there is no point denying it.

IN Britain there are people who say the Queen, who is head of the Anglican Church, should stay away from the wedding of King Baudouin of Belgium because it will be held in a Roman Catholic church. There were others who said she should not visit the Pope because although Anglicans and Catholics repeat the same creed and often the same prayers, doctrinal differences separate the two by a barrier more impenetrable than the Iron Curtain. Yet many forget that the British monarchy still proudly retains the Pope-given title of Defender of the Faith.

If we wonder why Khrushchev behaves like a reincarnation of Hitler during Mr Macmillan's address to the United Nations, perhaps the answer is not hard to find. Because if divine love which fills equally on all falls to bring people together, what chance have communism and democracy, split by hate, fear and distrust, of achieving the miracle?

Mobutu's round-table meeting suffers a setback
LUMUMBA REJECTS TALKSNo Soviet dignitary
at China's national
day celebrations

Peking, Sept. 30.
No leading member of the Soviet Government or Communist Party took part in the celebration today of the 11th anniversary of the founding of the Chinese People's Republic. It appeared from reports of the ceremonies issued by the New China News Agency.

The Chinese Premier, Chou En-lai, in a long speech at the celebration, saluted warmly the "distinguished guests" present, particularly Burmese Premier U Nu and Algerian Rebel "Provisional Government" Premier Ferhat Abbas, but only referred vaguely to "political, economic, military, cultural, scientific, (and) sports" dignitaries from the Soviet Union.

Observers considered this as indicating that no ranking Soviet official was present, and felt the situation contrasted strangely with the gist of Chou's speech, stressing the "indestructible" friendship linking his country and the USSR.—AFP.

Worst ever
floods in
W. England

Exeter, Sept. 30.
The West of England was hit today by the most extensive floods in living memory.

Thousands of houses were inundated, whole villages cut off, a church washed away, main railway lines cut and valuable livestock lost as a result of heavy rainstorms.

The church tower in the village of Exton, Made of cob and thatch, centuries old and one of the last in Britain, it collapsed after torrents had washed away the walls.

The river Exe overspelt its estuary, engulfing practically all the villages within an eight-mile radius and late tonight still-rising rivers threatened further flooding.—Reuters.

Disturbed

Cardiff, Sept. 30.
The church in Wales, its conscience "disturbed" by developments in South Africa, has decided to sell Union Government stock worth £50,000. It was learned today.

The holding in question is five and a half per cent registered stock 1974-75, reliable sources told Reuters.—Reuters.

No trace
of Egyptian
airliner

Rome, Sept. 30.
Ships and aircraft will resume at dawn tomorrow their search for the Egyptian Viscount airliner which vanished yesterday with its 17 passengers and six crew on a flight from Geneva to Rome.

Dozens of ships, Italian and French aircraft based on Corsica today searched the area between the island of Elba and the Italian mainland. They returned to their bases tonight without having found any trace of the missing plane.

"It seems the aircraft has vanished into thin air," a search official said.—Reuters.

Double-deckers
in Kowloon

As from today, the Kowloon Motor Bus Co. will put two double-decker buses on a one-month trial run between the Jordan-road Ferry and Tsun Wan.

If it is satisfactory, the service will become permanent.

Will not join
in bid to end
Congo crisis

Leopoldville, Sept. 30.
The displaced Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba announced today that he would not attend the round-table conference which had been proposed by President Joseph Kasavubu and army strong-man Colonel Joseph Mobutu.

Mobutu suggested the conference of all Congolese leaders in order to settle the crisis.

Mr Lumumba said the Congolese Parliament was the only body competent to convene such a conference.

He said that he had himself organized today a special session of the Congolese Parliament in his own residence, and that 74 members of the lower house and 40 senators had attended. "They represent a majority of the two chambers," he added.

To back his statement, Mr Lumumba pointed to a number of people who were with him, saying that they were members of parliament who had attended the special parliamentary meeting.

"Members of parliament are continuing to give me their support in the present situation," he added.

Mr Lumumba, who was addressing a group of newspapermen in his private residence, said he was asking the General Assembly of the United Nations to set up a special mediation committee for the Congo.

The United States, the Soviet Union and six members of the Asian-African bloc should be represented on this committee, which should investigate "misuse of UN funds for the Congo."

Mr Lumumba said he could furnish proof that "certain dismissed officers" had given money to Congolese policemen to fight against him and against his Government.—AFP.

Depression

At 7 am today a tropical depression was estimated to be 650 miles south of Hongkong and moving west about 10 knots.

KALONDJI'S
CONDITIONS

Brazzaville, Sept. 30.
Albert Kalondji, President of the breakaway South Kasai mining province of the Congo said today that he and his followers would be willing to take part in a round-table conference on the Congo between main Congolese leaders only if the conference were held in neutral territory somewhere in Africa and not at Leopoldville.

Mr Kalondji made this statement during a brief stop-off in this capital of the French community Congo Republic, which lies across the Congo river from Leopoldville.

Mr Kalondji said his position concerning the round-table conference was shared in its essential points by Moïse Tshombe, Premier of the breakaway Katanga province of the Congo.

Explaining his position concerning the round-table conference Mr Kalondji said Leopoldville where Lumumba continues to stir up sources of trouble, provides no guarantees of security.

Secondly, "we insist that Lumumba should be tried. Thirdly we ask that the round-table conference should institute a new constitutional structure for the country on a confederation basis, the only formula for unity which can take into account the tribal differences and enable a defence of fundamental freedoms against a dictatorial central power."—AFP.

GABLE WILL BE FATHER
FOR FIRST TIME

Reno, Sept. 30.
Actor Clark Gable announced today that he will become a father for the first time.

The 59-year-old "King of the Movies" and his fifth wife, the former Kay Spreckles, said they expect the baby next spring.



Mr Gable and his 42-year-old wife are here for the filming of "The Misfits" in which the actor co-stars with Marilyn Monroe. They eloped and were married

by a Justice of the Peace in July, 1955. Mrs Gable has two children by her marriage to Adolph Spreckles II. They are Adolph III, 10, and Joan, 8. Mr Gable previously was married to drama coach Josephine Dillon. Maria Langham, Carole Lombard and Lady Sylvia Ashley. —UPI.

CZECH ENVOY SAYS

'Macmillan like
Chamberlain'

United Nations, Sept. 30.
The Czech Foreign Minister, Mr. Bclav David, said today the attitude of Mr Harold Macmillan "reminds us of the attitude of one of his predecessors—Neville Chamberlain."

In a reply to Mr Macmillan's address to the General Assembly, Mr David said: "The name of Chamberlain will forever remain linked with the shameful Munich 'Diktat' by which Czechoslovakia was sacrificed to Hitler."

"It was Chamberlain, too, who took the German militarists and revanchists under protection. The British Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, could tell us more about it, as he was a close witness to all these events."

"I do not know whether the experience gained by Lord Home in the period of Munich was one of the reasons for his having been appointed Foreign Secretary."

Earlier, the Polish Communist Party leader, Mr. Wladyslaw Gomulka said that world peace would be im-

possible as long as the Western powers supported claims by West Germany to former German territory now held by Poland.

Mr Gomulka charged that Mr Macmillan was apparently unaware of the "revisionist and aggressive statements of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer."

He said that "surely Mr Macmillan knows of the statement on July 10 by Dr Adenauer addressed to the so-called Prussians of the East" in which he expressed the hope that claims to Polish lands will be satisfied if West Germany stands faithfully by its Western allies.

"The Polish Government and its allies have stressed repeatedly the final character of the Polish frontiers and there can be no discussion of this," Mr. Gomulka added.—AP.

Down
comes
Union
Jack

Lagos, Oct. 1.
Nigeria, most populous country of the African continent, became an independent nation at midnight with the lowering of the Union Jack and the raising of the new Nigerian green and white flag.

The ceremony at the specially-built 64-foot high flagpole on Lagos' racecourse was the climax of a spectacular military tattoo, attended by Princess Alexandra, representing the Queen.

Excited

In the gaily decorated streets of Lagos excited Nigerians celebrated in the humid, tropical heat, shouting and laughing as fireworks lit up the night sky.

At a later ceremony this morning Princess Alexandra will drive to the racecourse to formally hand over the documents of independence to the Federal Prime Minister, Abacha Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa.

Before attending the celebrations at midnight, she was the guest of honour at a banquet at the Federal Palace Hotel which was the last major function to be held in a dependent Nigeria.

The new Nigerian state is the largest in terms of population on the African continent, yet its name did not appear on any map until 80 years ago.

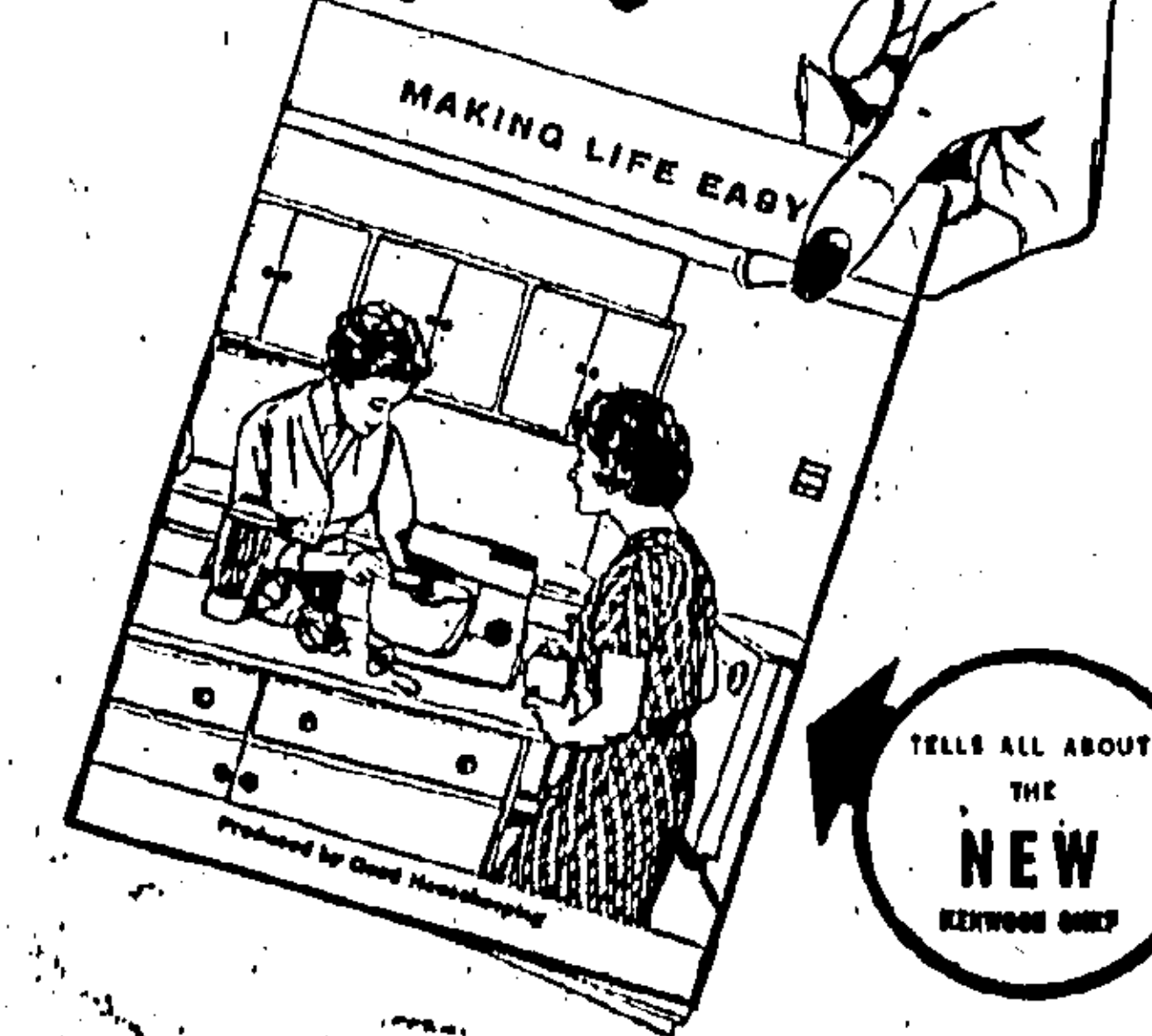
Slaves

Until the middle of last century the area was known mainly as a major source of slaves and the people thought of themselves as Yorubas, Hausas, Iboos or any one of a vast number of peoples living there.

Independence, described by Dr Michael Okpara, Premier of the eastern region, as "handed to us on a platter of gold," was reached after six years of stage-by-stage development guided by Britain.

Agreement on the final details was reached at a constitutional conference in London this summer.—Reuters.

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Give me Russian justice, Nina yells

London, Sept. 30.
Russian-born Mrs Nina Marshall banged a table with her fist in a south-west London courtroom yesterday and shouted: "I want Russian justice and I demand to be tried by Russian law. I also want a good Russian counsel."

The outburst came after she had been found guilty of assault and battery on her husband Arthur, and had been remanded in custody for three weeks for reports. Two women police officers led her away.

Mr Norman King, prosecuting, said Mr Marshall met his wife

while serving in the Army in Germany, where she was a refugee.

He said that when Mrs Marshall, who is slightly-built, carried out the assault, she broke down a door with a hammer and had her husband on the floor, raining blows on his face with her fists.

It took two men to pull her off him. There had been numerous other assaults on the husband.

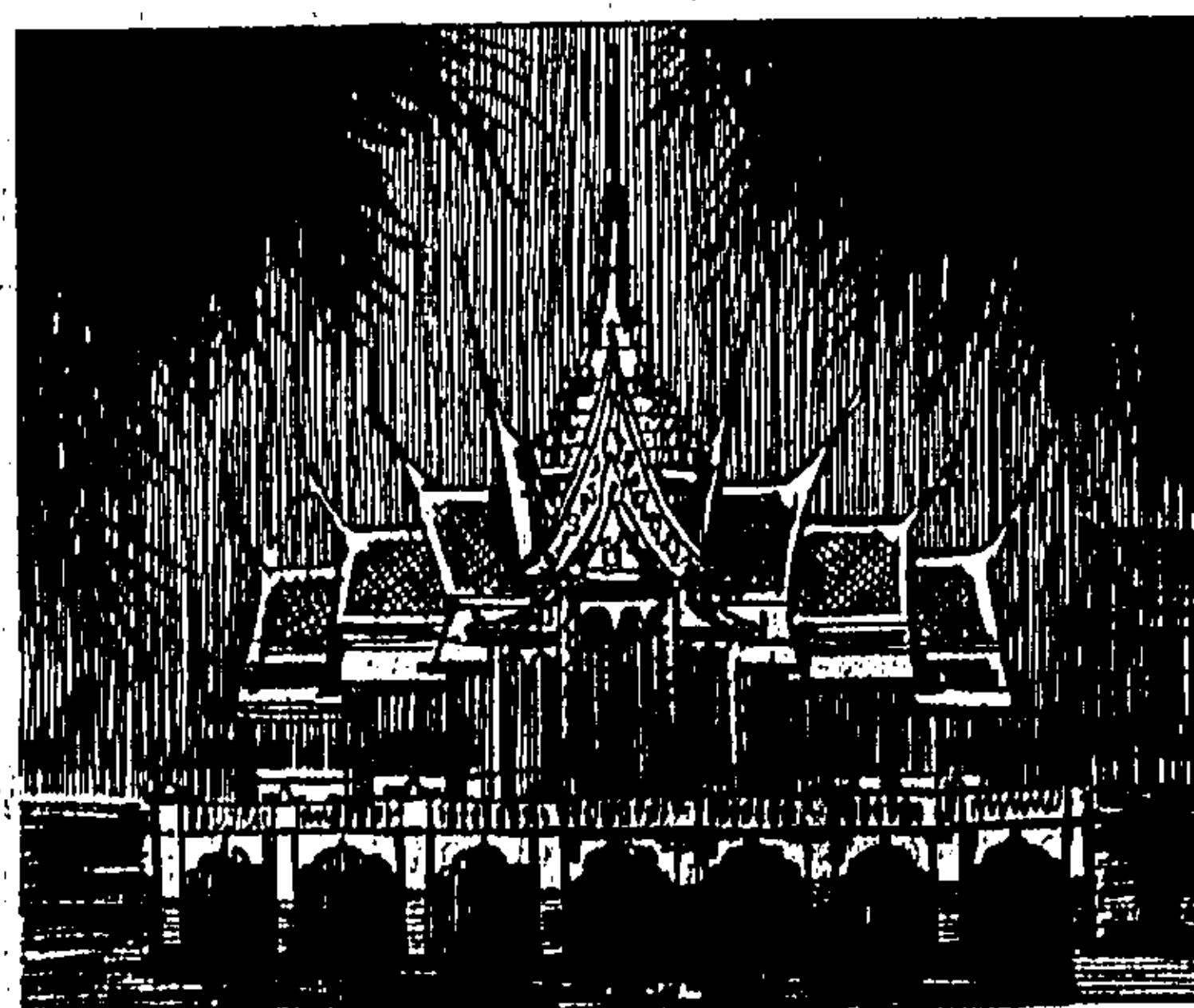
During the case Mrs Marshall had to be restrained by police women. She shouted remarks at Mr King including: "You sneaky crawling creature."—China Mail Special.

BANGKOK

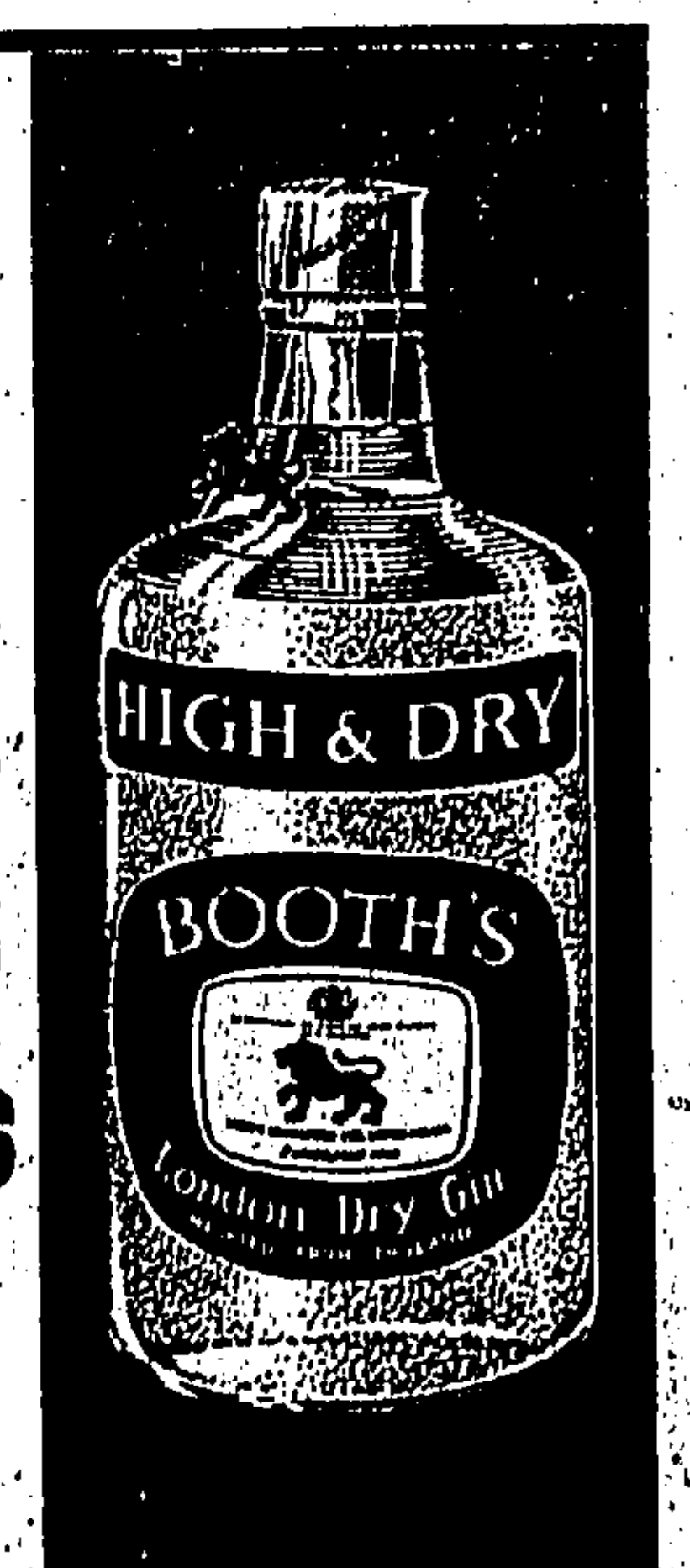
Come dear friend, let me whisk you away on my magic carpet to the temple city of enchantment. She welcomes you with a softly murmured "Sawat de Ka" (same as bonjour in French) as relaxed she lies by the mighty Chao Phya. The merry tinkle of temple bells beckons you to cobbled courtyards skirting exotic temples where orange-robed monks practice Buddhist teachings. Such fascination! And... (I always had an eye for women!) the winsome grace of her classical dancers—magnificent! That boxing (though I hate violence) enthalls you as a fierce sport where even death can stalk the loser. Enough said! Super-G Services with convenient departures and arrivals every Tue. Thurs. & Sunday.

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The Rugged Side of LIVE and LOVE in the Raw!

SHE got everything she wanted out of love—except marriage!

SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL
LILLIAN PALMER · SYLVIA SYMS · YVONNE MITCHELL · RONALD LEWIS
Directed by ROBERT BARRON

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SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS TO-MORROW
KING'S: 11.00 a.m.
Columbia Cartoons & 3 Stooges Comedies
12.00 noon "AAN BAAN" Indian Film
PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m. PARAMOUNT CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Stewart Granger in "MOONFLEET" (Color)

ROYAL · STATE
TEL: 80-5700 TEL: 77-3948

★ **NOW SHOWING** ★
PLEASE NOTE CHANGE IN STARTING TIMES
AT 2.30; 5.00; 7.20 & 9.40 P.M.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE 19TH CENTURY!
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS
SONG WITHOUT END
The Story of Franz Liszt
DIRK BOGARDE · GENEVIEVE PAGE · CAPUCINE
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
"SONG WITHOUT END" is better than "A SONG TO REMEMBER"

SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS AT REDUCED PRICES
ROYAL: 11.00 A.M. M.G.M. COLOR CARTOONS
12.30 P.M. MARIO LANZA in "SEVEN HILLS OF ROME" Color
STATE: 12.30 P.M. STEVE REEVES in "GOLIATH & THE BARBARIANS" Color

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YUL BRYNNER
Directed by C. B. Whittles

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TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOWS — AT REDUCED PRICES
At 10.45 a.m. Dan ROWAN in "ONCE UPON A HORSE"
At 12.30 p.m. Tony CURTIS in "BEACHHEAD" in Technicolor

JANE RUSSELL OF JAPAN
Miss Kasasaya—World famous Snake Dancer

Back again after her successful tour in South-east Asia
2 shows nightly
10.10 p.m. & 1.00 a.m.
Music by ISING GATCHALIAN & HIS QUINTETT

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Capitol

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Akira TAKARADA · Reiko DAN · Michio ARATAMA
Mitsuko KUSABUE in
"THE STOLEN KISS"
In TohoScope & Color
With Superimposed English & Chinese Sub-titles
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. M.G.M. COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. "D-DAY THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER

"SONG WITHOUT END" (Royal & State) is the film for which you have been waiting. I have seen it three times already, and am looking forward to attending a performance as a member of the audience to see for myself what the audience reaction is.

For one such as I, a lover not only of the romantic period, but one who plays just well enough to appreciate the piano forte pyrotechnics of Liszt, this film is a natural. But even for those who do not play, and even for those melancholy souls in whom no music dwells, this is still a lovely film, which unravels the heartaches of long ago.

Myself when young met people who had, when young themselves, known Liszt. But by the time they knew him, the strange contradictions which form the subject of this film had long died. For Liszt was a contradiction. If one looks at him through formal eyes or orthodox prejudices, but the artist, one born with that undying flame, no matter how weak, will understand that these strange contradictions exist, and that in the world of the spirit where the soul stands exposed to the infinite, these contradictions are resolved. In the last analysis, many is answerable to God, not to the professional religious.

So "Song Without End" tells the story of a man born with a remarkable talent, whose private life was a succession of untidy love affairs, and whose public life was a prolonged round of applause.

The script writers have taken certain licence, but only that they telescope a love affair of some twenty years into a shorter period, and there achieve a picture more artistically satisfying than the true story of two decades.

My last visit to the film was with Macaloff, and we went just to listen to the piano played by Bolet, who stands in, as it were, not just for Bogarde, but for Liszt. Of course, search the world, and you could not find a Liszt, which does not mean you won't find another great pianist, but merely what I say, another Liszt.

Bogarde is quite a good pianist himself, and probably because of this, puts up the finest performance to date as a screen virtuoso. All I can say is, I think they must put him forward for an Academy Award for his performance.

Capucine is about to begin stardom for her performance as the Russian princess for whom Liszt fell, again rather heavily.

Then Genevieve Page enters as the discarded mistress, the Countess Marie D'Agoult, with a very moving performance. And the whole is enlivened with the interpolation of such characters as Wagner, George Sand, and Chopin.

Older readers will recall "A Song to Remember" which made stars of Merle Oberon and Cornel Wilde. This film, because of first, Dirk Bogarde, and second, the advanced methods of photography and sound recording, is greater.

Rich in colour, rich in music, lavishly staged, authentic in atmosphere, it is one of the show pieces of this decade.

Lastly, the management of the Royal and State have gone to immense trouble in testing the acoustics of the multiple sound track system used in the film. The result is life-like reproduction.

I recommend "Song Without End" without any mental reservations whatever; it is a cinematic masterpiece.

★ ★ ★
"TALL STORY" (Hoover & Gala) is a comedy drama of States' humour, based upon an American co-educational

school, which has a conviving student setting out to snare the school's ace basketball player.

Jane Henry Fonda's young daughter makes her debut in this film, and plays opposite Anthony Perkins.

There is a capable supporting cast, and the direction is subtle giving a touch of piquancy to the film which will delight the distasteful side of the audience.

The film has Jane Fonda and Perkins in all kinds of trouble, including landing him among some gamblers before she succeeds in landing him herself, because of course, all turns out well.

There is a certain amount of basketball, but the fun and games are mostly among the sexes.

Jane Fonda is a beguiling get-your-man June, while Anthony Perkins registers as the lovelorn and worried Ray.

Ray Walston and Marc Connelly score as Sullivan and Osman.

The dialogue is bold, but quite without offence, while the realistic backgrounds fill in the fun and games episodes.

A warm and jolly story!

★ ★ ★
"SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL" (King's & Princess) is a down-to-earth comedy melodrama, based on Ray Lawler's stage hit.

The title, a bit strange, is explained when it is understood that the action of the play represents the seventeenth annual visit of the tough cane-cutters to Sydney, and their take up with the accommodating girl friends.

But after seventeen years, age is beginning to tell, and there is the necessity to do what comes naturally, differently, for the people involved are no saints, and their language is even coarser than their behaviour, but beneath the crudeness and tough manners is good honest sentiment.

The fun is good humoured rather than good humour, well matched to the unvarnished drama, while the authentic Sydney kaledoscene is cleverly fitted in to fit the story mood.

The story has Roo, a powerfully built cane-cutter, and his girl Barney, a wiry sort of guy, returning to Sydney for the usual lay-off period.

Olive, a barmaid is waiting for Roo, but Barney's girl has married, Pearl, a less amiable girl than Barney's old flame, is stacked up and waiting to take over.

From then on the plot runs its simple course plan.

The picture tells how the other half live down-under, in a sweet, bitter, beer inspired sentiment.

Ernie Borgnine takes over the role of the quick tempered Roo, while John Mills adopts a convincing accent as fiery bantam, Barney.

Anne Baxter wins out as the free and easy barmaid Olive, Angela Lansbury makes a good job as the refined Pearl, while Emma Gabriel is simply great as the chatty wily old dame who keeps the slightly off-colour boarding house.

Commonwealth readers will appreciate this British produc-

tion, which shows the historical sequence of the Gomeks in revolt. Good camera work, huge vistas, exciting scenes. Edmund Purdom and John Drew Barrymore.

LEE & ASTOR: "Conspiracy of Hearts." World War II melodrama, set in Northern Italy, concerns a Mother Superior who dedicates the Nazis and converts her convent into a clearing house for refugee children. First rate acting, compelling story, with some wry humour. Rated Excellent in both the States and Britain. Lill Palmer, Sylvia Syms, and Richard Lewis.

ROXY & MAJESTIC: "Murder Incorporated." Grim semi-documentary about an institution which killed for cash. Very well made film on an evil theme. Stuart Whitman and May Brill.

"SONG WITHOUT END"
Megaloff and Mr S. T. Wu at the State Theatre.

the edges; Marilyn and Yves enjoying themselves; an expert supporting cast, the result sprayed with Colour De Luxe, and Jerry Wald bringing home a winner.

★ ★ ★
"TANK COMMANDOS" (Broadway) is a World War II melodrama set out on the Italian front. The main episode concerns how a U.S. Army demolition squad blow up a vital Nazi-held bridge.

None of the players is known, and most of the realistic scenes are from the film files of the War Archives, yet for all its modest cast, this film has a realism of its own, and an exceedingly exciting build up.

The picture divides its time between the battle scarred town and the shell pitted front, and the convincing detail gives a sound realism to the whole.

Robert Barron gives a sound performance as Lieutenant Blaine, the eager leader of the demolition squad, while Maggie Lawrence fosters a slight, yet welcome enough romance as Jean, the U.S. nurse girl friend.

On the other hand, viewers might feel inclined to give the honours to Donato Furella, the youngster who takes over the role of Diana, the twelve year Italian orphan, who guides the demolition squad through the sewers to their objective.

The story is compelling, the team competent, while the direction is resourceful, leading to a punchy final.

★ ★ ★
"THE STOLEN KISS" (Capitol) is a TohoScope and colour film, starring Akira Takarada, Reiko Dan, and Mitsuko Kusabue.

The romance opens with a car crash which brings Akira, a boxer, to the aid of Miss Reiko Dan, who is a student in this film.

He brings her to, by the unorthodox method of filling his mouth with water and squirting it into her face.

From then on, anything goes in this lighted romp.

He is a bit of a square ring Don Juan, but Miss Reiko Dan sees that all opposition is knocked out before he himself battles and is almost knocked out, recovering and winning, much encouraged from the ringside by Miss Reiko.

But the light has been too much for him, and he passes out and is brought round by Miss Reiko. guess how.

A good ordinary Japanese box office number.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

BROADWAY: "Tank Commandos." Melodrama of World War II, pivoted on the actions of a demolition squad who are ordered to destroy a Nazi held bridge. Trenchy yarn with exciting finish. Wally Campo, Maggie Lawrence, and Robert Barron.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." Down-to-earth melodrama about the robust shenanigans of the Australian cane-cutters, and their girl friends in Sydney. A gay romp with popular sentiment. John Mills, Anne Baxter, and Ernest Borgnine.

ROYAL & STATE: "Song Without End." The most beautiful film in two decades based upon the life of Franz Liszt. Will recall "A Song to Remember." Music superb and romance exquisite, settings authentic. A possible Academy Award for Dirk Bogarde who plays Liszt.

COMING

BROADWAY: "Cavalleri a Diavolo." Continental spectacular film, concerned with France under the thumb of Catherine-of-Medici. Huge screen and colour costume spectacle. Gianna Maria Canale and Frank Latimore.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Rat Race." All about innocence (Tony Curtis) and experience (Debbie Reynolds) in the New York show business. Snappy, smart, cynical, sophisticated satire.

ROYAL & STATE: "Kidnapped." Technicolor 18th century adventure melodrama, based on R. L. Stevenson's classic. Magnificent family film. Peter Finch, James MacArthur, and Bernard Lee.

HOOPER & GALA: "The Gomeks." Giant spectacular continental picture

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TO-DAY — THE 11TH DAY

LEE: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
ASTOR: At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN
LILLIAN PALMER · SYLVIA SYMS · YVONNE MITCHELL · RONALD LEWIS
Directed by ROBERT BARRON

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE: 11.00 a.m. COLOUR CARTOONS
ASTOR: 12.30 p.m. GIRL ON THE ICE
At 12.30 p.m. Dialogue in Mandarin
MAN IN THE NET
NEXT CHANGE

ROXY & MAJESTIC

★ **GRAND OPENING TO-DAY** ★
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
ROXY: At 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.45 p.m. MAJESTIC: At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
You can't imagine more delightful fun!

MARILYN MONROE · YVES MONTAND
LET'S MAKE LOVE
TORY RANDALL · FRANKIE VAUGHAN
CINEMASCOPE · Colour by DeLuxe

PLEASE BOOK EARLY!
ROXY & MAJESTIC: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "LET'S MAKE LOVE"
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon MAJESTIC: At 12.30 p.m.

BROADWAY
AIR CONDITIONED

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
SPECTACULAR WAR HIT! BIG! BOLD! POWERFUL!

TANK COMMANDOS

Starring: Wally CAMPO · Maggie LAWRENCE
An American-International Picture

To-morrow Extra Show of "TANK COMMANDOS" At 12.30 p.m.
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. M.G.M. COLOR CARTOONS

SHAW CIRCUIT
HOOPER · GALA
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GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

that college girl who can't help lovin' tall boys!

JOSHUA LOGAN'S Supersaucy production of **tall story**

Starring **anthony Perkins and Jane fonda**
From WARNER BROS.

To-morrow Special Matinee At Reduced Admission
Gala 11.00 a.m. Universal Int. COLOR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Robert Taylor — Cyd Charisse in "PARTY GIRL"

Hoover 11.00 a.m. Stan Laurel — Oliver Hardy in "THE DANCING MASTERS"
12.30 p.m. Rossano Brazzi — Joan Fontaine in "A CERTAIN SMILE"

Castro warns Americans

WILL EXECUTE SPIES CAUGHT IN CUBA

Havana, Sept. 30. Cuban Premier Fidel Castro warned today that he will execute any "American spies or saboteurs" caught in Cuba.

Bodies still trapped in wreckage

Dijon, Sept. 30. Firemen and police worked throughout the night trying to extricate dead and injured from the wreckage of a British tourist bus which crashed into a stationary lorry loading tree trunks near here yesterday.

Eight people are known to have died in the crash.

The courier, Mr. Hans Glaser, field, German-born Briton who lives in London told reporters there were 33 passengers, himself and the driver in the bus, making a total of 35. He said seven were killed instantly and one died in hospital.—Reuters Special.

He made the threat in an unscheduled midnight television broadcast in which he alleged the American Embassy in Havana is "conspiring" with "saboteurs" and "spies."

Americans in Cuba who want to stay are welcome to do so but spies and saboteurs will face a firing squad, he warned.

THREE SEIZED

Cuba claims to be holding three "North American spies" now—Eustace Dan Brunet, Edmundo K. Taraske and Daniel L. Carswell—but the embassy has disclaimed any knowledge of them.

The three were seized by Cuban police at the same time that authorities expelled four U.S. embassy employees last week on charges of interfering in internal Cuban problems.

Castro urged American residents to ignore the State Department's advice that they should leave Cuba now. He said the Washington action was part of an "insidious campaign" against his government.—UPI.

IKE TO CONFER WITH MENZIES, MACMILLAN

Denver, Sept. 30. President Eisenhower will meet Mr. Harold Macmillan and the Australian Premier Mr. R. G. Menzies in Washington on Sunday, the White House said today.

The conference will be about the current situation in the "United Nations" General Assembly, the press secretary Mr. James Hagerty told correspondents.

Mr. Hagerty said Mr. Eisenhower wanted to have a discussion with Mr. Menzies, whom he has met twice before, and it was decided this could be combined with another talk with Mr. Macmillan.

It was understood that the general disarmament situation and other broad issues would be discussed but that the recent anti-U.S. tirades of Premier Nikita Khrushchev of Russia and Fidel Castro of Cuba were not the reason for the meeting.

The conference was viewed as a continuation of talks among the Western allies to arrive at a common strategy for the struggle going on within the United Nations.—AP.

BB is out of danger, takes first food

Nice, Sept. 30. A pale and world-weary Brigitte Bardot sat up in bed today to nibble a lamb cutlet and an artichoke—her first food since she attempted suicide on her 26th birthday two days ago.

EPIDEMIC THREATS TO CONGO

Geneva, Sept. 30. Outbreaks of bubonic plague, smallpox, sleeping sickness and malaria are increasing in the Congo, the World Health Organization said here today.

Dr. J. Mackenzie Pollock, senior world health officer in the Congo, has informed the organization at Geneva headquarters that "at present the public health services of the country are not in a position to combat any epidemic."

Four separate outbreaks of smallpox were reported in the course of one week recently, Dr. Mackenzie Pollock said.

Dr. Mackenzie Pollock said that a recent outbreak of bubonic plague in the Bumba area was being investigated. Some deaths had already occurred.

EMERGENCY ACTION

Reports of an increasing number of malaria cases were being received and if preventive measures were not started again soon, an increase in the incidence of sleeping sickness could also be expected.

The World Health Organization said that emergency action was being taken to avert a breakdown of the Congo's health services.

The immediate target was to recruit 100 medical and highly skilled technical staff as quickly as possible and it was hoped that another 300 to 400 medical and technical personnel would be recruited before the end of the year.—Reuters.

CALM RETURNS TO KATANGA

Elisabethville, Sept. 30. Calm seems to have returned in the north of Katanga province, an Interior Ministry spokesman told a news conference today.

He said negotiations, begun in the important tin mining centre of Manono between the Baluba tribesmen, the United Nations, and the directors of the mine, were progressing satisfactorily and gave hope that work could recommence next week.

The spokesman said tribal bands which were concentrated around Pweto, near the North Rhodesian frontier, seemed to have withdrawn toward the north.—AFP.

East Germany hits at break in trade

Berlin, Sept. 30. The official East German news agency ADN today attacked the federal republic's renunciation of the interzone trade agreement as an "unjustified rupture of commerce."

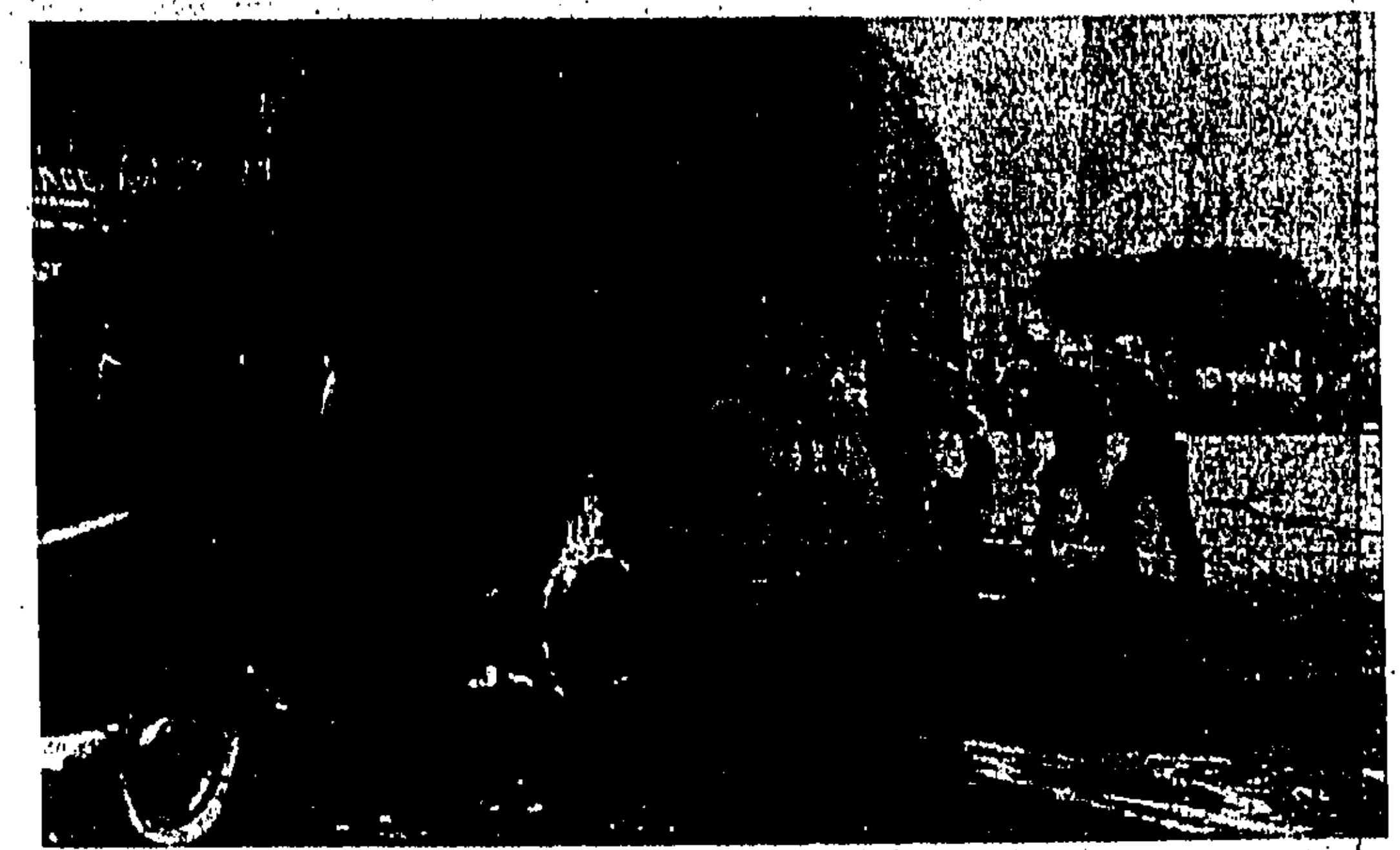
ADN in a first commentary on the event said that trade between the two Germanies had been normal, except for "several attempts by Bonn to obstruct it."

The Bonn government had announced earlier today the annulment of the trade agreement as of December 31, in retaliation against East German pressure on Berlin.

The ADN said trade between the two Germanies had no connection with "measures taken by the German Democratic Republic for the protection of (Berlin) against the re-annexation."

The West German government was seeking to widen the gap dividing Germany, ADN said.—AFP.

Terror on the way home



Office crowds on their way home along the Rue Monge, Algiers, jostled past the car parked on the corner of the Rue St. Peguy without giving it a second glance. But the car had been parked by terrorists; and a 105 mm artillery shell inside it exploded, hurling chunks of metal 400 yards along the street, throwing one wing up on to a 3rd floor balcony. Eleven people were injured, two of them seriously; but police think the terrorists were folled in their main objective. They believe the bomb was meant to shatter a nearby café—but the driver couldn't find a near enough spot to park. Picture shows the wrecked car.—Express Photo.

Ancient car passes the UK test

London, Sept. 30. A 1909 Renault car has passed Britain's new roadworthiness tests with flying colours.

Its owner, Frederick Bateman, took it to a station here to undergo the Ministry of Transport test for vehicles over ten years old.

The inspector mechanic reported "It is the oldest car I have worked on and it is 100 per cent fit."

Bateman said that last year he drove the 51-year-old car to Edinburgh and back, 860 miles without trouble.—China Mail Special.

Lady Mountbatten memorial fund

New Delhi, Sept. 30. A committee led by Mr. Nehru the Indian Prime Minister, today launched a public appeal for the Edwina Mountbatten Memorial Fund, in memory of Britain's last viceroy of India.

The fund, which will be permanent, will be used for child welfare, the advancement of nursing, and the Saint John's Ambulance Brigade.

The committee's appeal said that Countess Mountbatten, who died in February was "one who not only identified herself with our sorrow, but whose friendship and goodwill were extended to our people throughout her life."—Reuters.

Somerset Maugham is off again

Nico, Sept. 30. Somerset Maugham, who lives at Saint Jean Cap Ferrat on the French Riviera, will leave tomorrow for a two-and-a-half month visit to London, it was reported today.

The 86-year-old British author is reported to have recovered substantially from the over-exertion he suffered as a result of trips to Japan, Austria and West Germany.—China Mail Special.

Maria Callas' husband says he has no objection

Sirmione, Italy, Sept. 30. Giovanni Battista Meneghini, the estranged husband of operatic queen Maria Callas, said today he would not object if Miss Callas wanted to obtain a divorce and marry Greek millionaire shipowner Aristotle Onassis.

"I will probably be the last to learn when and if she decides to get married again," he told United Press International. "But in any case I would not raise any objection if she wants a divorce."

DENIAL

"Being an American citizen, Maria could obtain a divorce in the United States and marry Onassis, if she wants to do that," Meneghini said.

Meneghini also denied rumours that he allegedly discovered "a new Callas" in the shapely, beautiful soprano Silvana Tomicelli.

"She has a nice voice and I would certainly not refuse to give her some good advice and support, but I am not trying to build up a sort of counter-attraction against my wife," he said.—UPI.

Jews mark holy day

Jerusalem, Sept. 30. For 24 hours, work ceased all over Israel from sundown today as Jews the world over said prayers of "Yom Kippur" (Day of Atonement)—the holiest day of the year.

A divine service ushering in the solemn day of fast and contemplation was held this morning at Jerusalem's Mount Zion, reputed site of King David's tomb.

Even Police vehicles are banned from most streets so as not to offend the religiously orthodox.

Police skeleton forces was on duty for any emergency.—AP.

Cyprus army leaders appointed

Nicosia, Sept. 30. Two senior officers of the Greek and Turkish army respectively, both Cyprus born, today were officially appointed to command the army of the Cyprus Republic.

The Government announcement said that the Cyprus army will be commanded by Major General Menelaos Pantelides, the second in command will be Colonel Husamettin Tanay of the Turkish Army, who was formerly military attaché at the Turkish Embassy in London.

The Cyprus Army has not been formed yet. Under agreements setting up Cyprus as an independent republic the army will consist of 2,000 men, 1,200 Greek Cypriots and 800 Turkish Cypriots. Recruitment is expected to commence before the end of the year.—AP.

Operation 'Sword Thrust' closes

London, Sept. 30. The ten-day Nato sea and air exercise "Sword Thrust" ended tonight—having demonstrated that "the key to security in the ballistic age is movement."

The words were those of Rear Admiral John McCain, of the U.S. Navy Command Information Bureau.

He said aircraft carriers were "the most versatile base systems devised by man" and the west had a complete monopoly.

Taking part in the exercises were 146 warships, over 400 aircraft and over 42,000 personnel from six countries—the United States, Canada, France, Norway, the Netherlands and Britain.—Reuters.

THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES A BOY EVER HAD!

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THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

THE MOST EXCITING ADVENTURES A BOY EVER HAD!

Morning Show Tomorrow at 12.30 "BATTLE STRIP"



LEFT: Twisting her veil into place is 26-year-old Mrs David Latimer Griffiths, who until about five minutes before had been Miss Anna Stevenson, former personal secretary to Prince Philip. She and her husband, executive with an industrial firm, are to have a six-week honeymoon, a fortnight in England, then on to Rome. She resigned from Buckingham Palace a few months ago after five years' service.

RIGHT: Opening session of the meeting of the Commonwealth Economic Consultative Council at ministerial level currently taking place in Lancaster House, London.

BELOW: Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education, recently met the first Commonwealth students to arrive in this country under the Commonwealth Bursary scheme at a reception in London.



ABOVE: The Band of the Coldstream Guards who are undertaking a coast-to-coast tour of the United States and Canada. The main party left recently. The balance of the Coldstream Guards band, pictured prior to their departure from London Airport. Drum Major Gordon Carter, of Liverpool, is seen—bottom, right.

BELOW: Just one year after his release from Tura Jail, Cairo, James Swinburn, one of the two Britons imprisoned by Nasser after Suez on spying charges, the other day welcomed pupils to the preparatory school he has bought, near Maidstone, Kent. Swinburn, an M.A. and a lecturer at Cairo University until the British staff were sacked, when he became business manager of the Arab News Agency, dreamed of starting a school of his own all the years he was in prison. Now he is fulfilling his dream. The school, Hill Place, has 72 boys, 20 of them boarders, with fees of £68 5s for the boarders and £26 5s for the day boys. There is a staff of four masters, a mistress, and a matron. Mrs Swinburn, also a teacher before her marriage, will also help. Picture shows Headmaster Swinburn meeting his pupils.

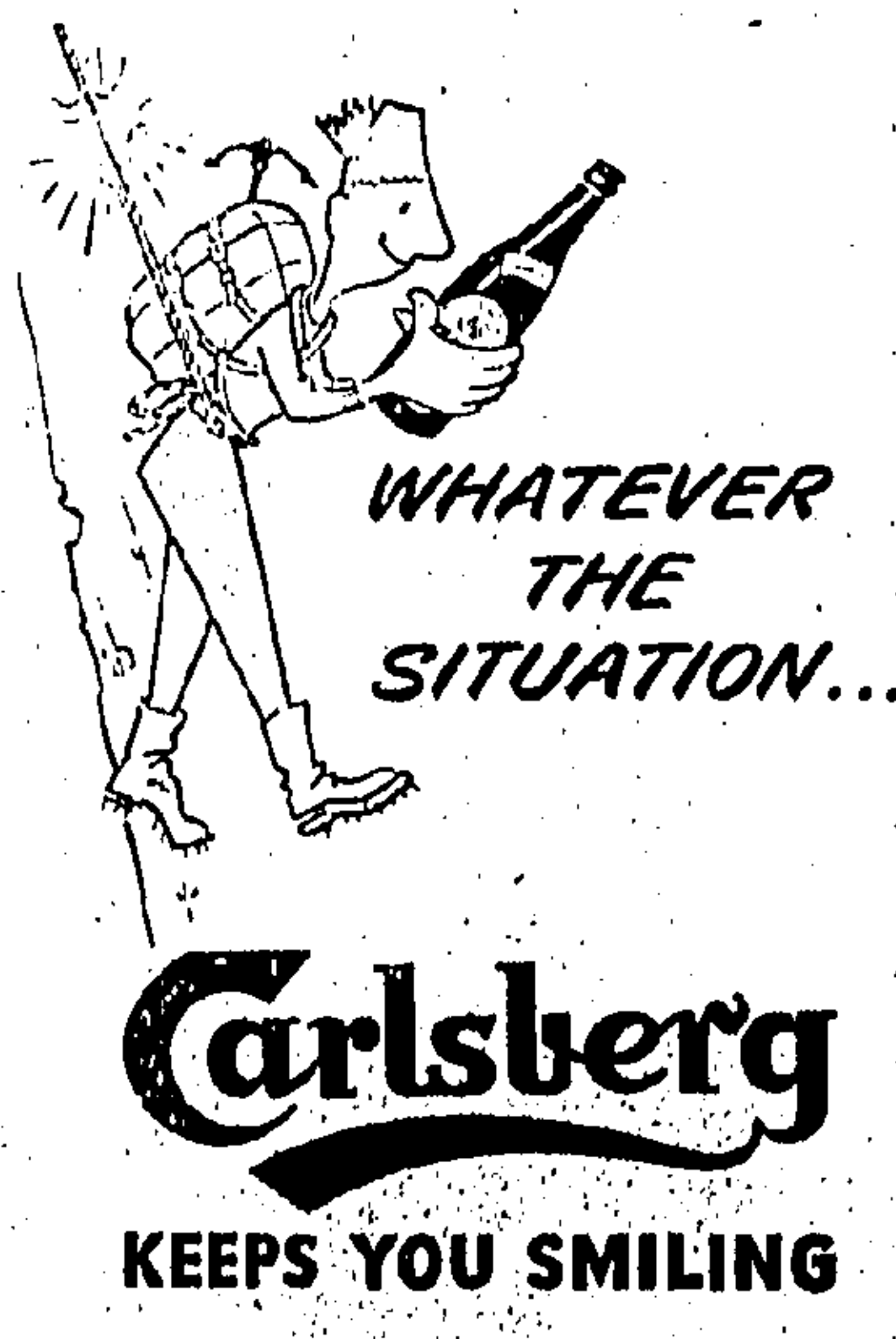


ABOVE: Hurrying eagerly through Westminster, fingers tearing at an envelope, Mr Gaitskell's concentration and haste surprise even a woman passing by. But inside the envelope was no secret message, no report from the current Trades Union Conference in the Isle of Man, a conference that could be crucial for his (and the Labour Party's) political future. Inside in fact were — the prints of his snapshots taken during his recent holiday in Yugoslavia. And Mr Gaitskell has all the impulsive reaction of the amateur photographer, full of eagerness to see which ones came out best — and which ones came out.

PICTURES BY THE LONDON EXPRESS



RIGHT: Rumours that the development of the USAF's air-ground Skybolt missile, which is due to be acquired by the RAF, is falling behind its timetable, and that the Americans may even cancel the programme, are leading to increasing pressure on the Government by the aircraft industry to cancel the agreement to buy Skybolt, and to build an all-British equivalent instead. For as the government's defence plans exist at present, the British deterrent will depend absolutely on Skybolt being ready in 1965. But as he arrived in London the other night, US Air Force Secretary Dudley C. Sharp claimed that after five years in the job he is now immune to rumours. Specifically with regard to Skybolt he said: "I can assure you the rumour has no foundation." Picture shows: Sharp (centre) at London Airport with British Air Minister George Ward (right) and Major-General Ernest Moore, commander of the US 3rd Air Force.



James Bond
BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN MCELROY





FREE LIFT-OUT RADIO, TV SUPPLEMENT

The Week's Programmes

A Special Saturday China Mail Feature



TODAY TO FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7

Page 1

RADIO HONGKONG
860 kcs 370m and FM 91 m/c

A SURREALIST COMEDY WITH A DIFFERENCE

Thursday, 8.30 p.m.

A surrealist comedy-with-a-difference by James Saunders who has evidently heard a great deal of nonsense in his time and expresses his feelings about it here.

A half-hour satire on the school of Ionesco and Beckett, set in a stately home that falls down steadily throughout the action. Dr Carboy, master of Barnstable, is less interested in his patients than in a plague of moles on the front lawn. An occasional visitor to the Carboy domain is the Rev. Wandsworth Teeter who indulges in Beckett-type homilies and is drawn into a pseudo-positivist argument about the non-existence of chimneys. The last and least member of the household, however, (Sandra the maid) in the face of her ignoring audience is in no doubt that the chimneys exist and complains occasionally about them falling down. For admirers or critics of modern writing, this should make good listening.

A king speaks

Young King Hussein succeeded to the throne of Jordan when he was sixteen. One of the greatest influences in his life was his grandfather, King Abdulla. The assassination of the old king on the steps of the mosque in Jerusalem is one of the incidents in Hussein's precarious life as a member of Jordan's royal family which he describes in a lively interview with John Freeman of the BBC. He talks, too, about his present everyday life as a ruler, his relations with his people, and his ambitions for his country and the Arab world.

The knight of the burning pestle

Monday, 8.30 pm—A play by Shakespeare's contemporary, Francis Beaumont, who died in 1616. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" was disliked by its first audiences who failed to appreciate Beaumont's dig at contemporary sentimental drama and the dramatic tastes of the less cultured classes of his day. But later audiences liked the satire, and the pageantry and humour it contains have ensured its place in the repertory since then. Produced by Raymond Raikes, with Francis de Wolff, Vivienne Chatterton, and Nigel Stock.

Bach recital

Wednesday, 8.30 pm—A Bach recital by one of the Colony's best known young pianists Wong Kuk Ying from Radio Hong-kong's Concert Hall.

The Battle Against Diphtheria

Monday, 7.45 pm—The dangers of this disease and what can be done to avert them—described by the Acting Director of Medical and Health Services in Hong-kong, Dr P. H. Teng. A subject of burning interest to every mother.

Today

10.30 am ACTING WITH IRVING AND ELLEN TERRY.
10.45 SATURDAY SYMPHONY — Grosse Fuge, Op. 133 (Beethoven) — The Philharmonia Orchestra cond. by Otto Klemperer; Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Op. 96 (Brahms) — The Philharmonia Orch. cond. by Otto Klemperer; March "Haffner" in D Major (Mozart) — The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra cond. by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. C.H.
11.45 THE BERYL CORONET — A Sherlock Holmes story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

12.15 pm JOURNEY INTO MELODY. INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
1.38 AFTERNOON CONCERT — Valse Op. 1 (Franz Liszt); Rhapsodie Espagnole (Franz Liszt); Valse-Improvisation (Franz Liszt); Gnomes (Franz Liszt); Etude de Concert No. 2 (Franz Liszt); Grand Galop Chromatique (Franz Liszt) — Gyorgy Cziffra, (Piano Solo).
2.00 TAKE IT FROM HERE.
2.30 WE SING FOR YOU — The Fred Waring Pennsylvanians. RELAXING WITH CUGAT.
3.00 SOAMES DORSETTE ESQUIRE.
3.30 JOHNNY FANKWORTH AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
4.30 RADIO HONGKONG SHORT STORY COMPETITION (repeat).
4.50 VICTOR YOUNG AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
5.00 DISK Jockey.
5.30 YOUTH MAKES MUSIC.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
6.10 INTERLUDE.
6.15 MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
6.38 THE CLITHEROE KID.
7.00 FIRST HEARING.
7.38 WEATHER REPORT.
7.58 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
8.15 THIS WEEK.
8.45 BLACK AND WHITE NOTES.
9.00 SPORTS CAST.
9.15 RAY'S A LAUGH.
9.45 KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN — Interviewed by John Freeman.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 IN THE COOL, COOL, COOL OF THE EVENING.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
11.15 SATURDAY NIGHT HOP.
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.
11.58 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.00 Midnight. TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save the Queen.

Sunday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, FIRST DAY FAVOURITES.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, S T R I N G SONG.
8.58 WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS.
9.15 PROGRAMME PARADE.
9.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES — Presented by Audrey Pateman.
10.30 MID MORNING MUSIC — String Quartet in F Major Op. 135 (Beethoven); Fur Elise (Beethoven) — Gerard Henegveld (Piano).
11.00 SERVICE FROM ST JOHN'S CATHEDRAL—Preacher: The Very Rev. Barry Till, Dean of Hongkong.
12.15 pm A LISZT RECITAL — St Francis of Paula walking the waves (Legend No. 2) (Liszt); Etude No. 2 in E Flat Major (Liszt) — Paganini — Tamas Vasary (Piano).
12.30 DAME MAGGIE TETE.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, GOING TO THE PICTURES.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 THE AFTERNOON CONCERT — Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor (Bach arr. W. R. Smith); Air for G String (Bach); Prelude and Fugue in C Minor (Bach arr. E. Ormandy) — The Philadelphia Orch. cond. by Eugene Ormandy.
2.00 THE ARCHERS.
2.45 DAVID CARROLL AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
3.00 HOME AND HOSPITAL REQUESTS — Presented by Jennifer.
4.00 THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT MUSIC MAKERS.
4.30 A KNIFE IN THE SUN — By Christiana Brand. Part 2: "Siesta."
5.00 A STAR REMEMBERS — Edith Day.
5.30 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE. (Repeat).
6.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM

RADIO AUSTRALIA.
6.10 INTERLUDE.
6.15 SERVICE FROM ST MICHAEL, CORNHILL — Preacher: The Rev. Norman Motley (Rector).
7.00 BOOKSHOP — "The Mountebanks Tale", by Michael Redgrave. "Nobody Knows What The Stork Will Bring", by Charles Cresswell. Reviewed by Barbara Lawrence.
7.15 STRICTLY INSTRUMENTAL.
7.38 PEOPLE ARE FUNNY.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.
8.15 MY WORD.
8.45 THE SUNDAY CONCERT — Symphony No. 4 in D Minor, Op. 126 (Schumann) — Israel Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Paul Kletzki; Concerto in A Minor Op. 34 for Piano and Orch. (Schumann) — Sviatoslav Richter (Piano) — Sinfonie-Orchester der Nationalen Philharmonie Warschau dir. by Witold Rowicki; Passacaglia for grosses Orch. Op. 1 (Stefan George) — with Orch. dir. by Robert Craft.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 EZRA POUND.
10.45 RECITAL BY KRISTEN FLAGSTAD.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
11.15 THE EPILOGUE — Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity from the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge.
11.30 SONATA FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO in A MAJOR — Op. 162 (Schubert) — Joseph Fuchs (Violin) with Artur Balsam at the Piano; Impromptu No. 2 in E Flat Major, Op. 90, No. 2 (Schubert) — Arthur Schnabel (Piano).
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.
11.58 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.00 Midnight. TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save the Queen.

Monday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, MORNING PRELUDE.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MORNING PRELUDE (cont'd).
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.47 MORNING PRELUDE (cont'd).
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.20 DIARY FOR TODAY, MONDAY'S MELODIES.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
9.42 HOME TILL TEN — With Michael Hall.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (repeat).
10.15 THE SWINGING ACES.
10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US.
11.00 KIMMERS.
11.45 CARMEN CAVALLARO AT THE PIANO.
12.00 NOON. TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
12.30 pm MUSIC FROM THE BALLET—William Tell—Ballet Music (Rossini)—The London Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Jean Martinon; Souvenir Ballet Suite, Op. 28 (Bouvier)—The Philharmonia Orch. cond. by Efreim Kurtz.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
1.30 RAY'S A LAUGH (repeat).
2.00 BBC BANDSTAND.
2.30 PIANO RECITAL.
3.00 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.
3.30 MODERN TRENDS.
4.00 LADY IN A FOG.
4.30 THE YOUNG IDEA.
5.00 HOMEWARD BOUND—Music for tired workers.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
6.10 INTERLUDE.
6.15 TWILIGHT HOUR.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 FILM FOCUS.
7.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.45 THE BATTLE AGAINST DIPHTHERIA—Dr The Hon. P. H. Teng, Acting Director of Medical and Health Services, talks about the Anti-Diphtheria Campaign in Hongkong.
7.50 INTERLUDE.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.
8.15 TODAY.
8.30 WORLD THEATRE — "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" by Francis Beaumont with Francis De Wolff, Vivienne Chatterton and Nigel Stock. Music arranged and composed by Elizabeth Poston. The Ambrosian Singers. The Welbeck Orch. Production by Raymond Raikes.
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 TWO SLEEPY HEADS — presented by Lynn Morris.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.

11.15 SONATA — A weekly programme in which the 32 piano sonatas of Beethoven will be played: Sonata No. 9 in E Major, Op. 14 No. 1; Sonata No. 10 in G Major, Op. 14 No. 2 — Walter Gieseking (Piano) — Suzanne Dango (Sop.) — Suzanne Dango (Sop.) with Guido Agosti at the piano.
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.
11.58 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.00 Midnight. TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save the Queen.

Tuesday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, BRIGHT AND EARLY.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 B R I G H T AND EARLY (cont'd).
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
7.47 BRIGHT AND EARLY (cont'd).
8.00 WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.20 DIARY FOR TODAY, TUESDAY'S TUNES.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
9.42 HOME TILL TEN — With Michael Hall.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (repeat).
10.15 LES PAUL AND MARY FORD.
10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US.
11.00 Y O U R RADIO CONCERT HALL.
11.30 NOVEL INTO FILM.
11.45 MORNING RECITAL.
12.15 pm MID DAY PRAYERS — By The Rev. R. C. Symington.
12.30 APERITIF.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
1.30 THE VERA LYNN SHOW.
2.00 TIME SIGNAL, WOMAN'S

WORLD.
2.30 ARTISTRY IN RHYTHM.
3.00 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.
3.30 BBC CONCERT HALL — The BBC Symphony Orch. cond. by Nicolai Maiba.
4.30 THE YOUNG IDEA.
5.00 TIME SIGNAL, HOMEWARD BOUND.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
6.10 INTERLUDE.
6.15 LA DEMI-HEURE FRANCAISE.
6.45 THE ARCHERS.
7.00 LUCKY DIP.
7.58 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.
8.15 TODAY.
8.30 MUSIC MAGAZINE — Compiled and introduced by Aileen Dekker.
9.00 MOTORING MAGAZINE — Compiled and introduced by Timothy Birch.
9.30 RECITAL OF WOLF LIEBER — Eberhard Wachter (Bavarian).
9.58 WEATHER REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 STRING ALONG WITH BILL.
10.58 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
11.15 CHORALE — "Miserere Des Jesuites" (Marc-Antoine Charpentier) — Martha Angelini (1st Sop.), Andrew Espinosa (2nd Sop.), Jeannine Collard (3rd Sop.), Solange Michel (2nd Contr.), Jean Grandjean (Tenor), Louis Roguera (Bass) with Choral des Jeunes Musiciens de France Orchestre de L'Association des Concerts Pasdeloup dir. by Louis Martini Organ: Henriette Roget; Concerto for Oboe and Orch. (Chimroz) — Orch. Alessandro Scarlatti cond. by Franco Caracciolo.
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.
11.58 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.00 Midnight. TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save the Queen.

Records That Matter

We cordially invite you to visit us and see our marvellous range of records, beyond doubt the best in the Colony.

MAHLER: Kindertotenlieder and Lieder eines Fahrenden Gesellen. Kirsten Flagstad with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Boult.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 1 "Spring", and Symphony No. 4. The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Krips.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Symphony No. 8 and Partita for Double String Orchestra. The London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Boult.

MOZART: Symphony No. 41 "Jupiter", and Symphony No. 35 "Haffner". The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Krips.

BACH: Tocata and Fugue in D Minor, Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor, Prelude and Fugue in E Minor and Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor. Karl Richter at the Organ of the Victoria Hall, Geneva.

MOZART: "The Magic Flute". Hilde Gueden, Wilma Lipp, Emmy Loose, Leopold Simoncau, Walter Berry and Kurt Boehme with the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Bohm.

MOZART: Concerto No. 27 in B Flat Major for Piano and Orchestra, and Sonata No. 11 in A Major for piano. Wilhelm Backhaus with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bohm.

MAHLER: "The Song of the Earth". Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Reiner (Also HAYDN: Symphony No. 88).

PUCCINI: "Gianni Schicchi". Tito Gobbi, Victoria de los Angeles, Anna Maria Canali, Carlo del Monte with the Orchestra of the Opera House, Rome, conducted by Gabriele Santini.

Stop press

The finest recordings ever of "Carmen" and "Faust"!!!

BIZET: "Carmen" — Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda with l'Orchestre de la Radiodiffusion Francaise conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

GOUNOD: "Faust" — Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda and Boris Christoff with the Orchestra & Chorus of the Theatre National de l'Opera conducted by Andre Cluytens.

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Commercial cont'd

12.15 THE LATE SHOW - With Bob Williams.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
11.05 SOFTLY WITH STRINGS.
12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT - Close Down.

Monday

7.00 am LET'S FACE IT - an early morning programme of music.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & A I R L I N E SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
8.15 LET'S FACE IT - Cont.
9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE - a request programme for the ladies presented by John Gunstone.
10.00 BROWNING AROUND.
10.30 LIGHT, LEWIS & LISTER.
11.00 LUIS ALBERTO DEL PARANE - With Orchestra.
11.15 DIGITS MALLOY'S HONEY TUNE PIANO.
11.30 MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS - a selection of music and song from London & New York.
12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - John Gunstone is your host in a programme that includes music, reminders and information of interest about current happenings in Hong-kong. At 12.15 pm Hongkong Stock Exchange Noon Closing Rates.
1.00 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY - Dvorak Piano Concerto in G Minor Opus 33. Rudolf Firsiroti Piano with George Szell & The Cleveland Orchestra.
2.30 approx. INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES - presented by Moyra Townsend.
3.30 KEYBOARD MEDLEY - Tea Time Music by Artists of The Piano, Accordion & Organ.
4.00 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER - fun for the youngsters with Auntie Moyra.
5.00 CLASSICAL CONCERT - David String Quartet in G Major. Charles String Quartet.
5.30 MUSIC FROM BENEATH THE SKIES.
6.00 HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
6.30 approx. COMBO TIME.
6.50 REPEAT OF SATURDAY'S PROGRAMME - Around The Clock. Bartel with Slim Pickens & Shorty Zick.
7.00 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG -

some pre-war memories by Mary Henri.
7.30 THE HI FI CLUB - by Nick Kendall.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.30 DIAMOND TIME.
9.00 A TALE - By Dr. P. H. Tang, Acting Director of Medical Health Services On Diphtheria.
9.05 approx. GEORGE FEYER IN BUDAPEST.
9.15 RADIO REPORT - a review of events and people in Hong-kong produced by John Wallace.
9.30 KENDALL'S CORNER - our popular disc jockey keeps you well entertained till 10.00 pm.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 PIANO PLAYTIME.
10.30 MONDAY CONCERT - Of Music By Richard Strauss.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT - Close Down.

Tuesday

7.00 am LET'S FACE IT - an early morning programme of music.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & A I R L I N E SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
8.15 LET'S FACE IT - Cont.
9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE - a request programme for the ladies presented by John Gunstone.
10.00 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
10.30 THE FOUR LADS, THE FIVE KEYS & THE SIX FAT DUTCHMEN.
11.00 DEOP ME OFF UP TOWN - music from the Harlem District of New York.
11.30 REPEAT OF TO YOU, ALOHA - Sunday evening's programme.
12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Nick Demuth is your host in a programme that includes music, reminders and information of interest about current happenings in Hong-kong. At 12.15 pm Hongkong Stock Exchange Noon Closing Rates.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY - Ernest Bloch: Israel Symphony. Frank Lischnauer Conducting. The State Opera Orch. & Soloists of Akademie Choir.
2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.

3.00 FOR THE LADIES - presented by Moyra Townsend.
4.00 STRINGS FOR TEA TIME.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER - fun for the youngsters with Auntie Moyra.
5.00 THAT LATIN BEAT - South American music by well known orchestras and groups.
5.30 TOM CORLEY SINGS OPERETTA FAVOURITES.
5.45 THE HOT CLUB OF AMERICA - With Jody Carver & Johnny Cucci.
6.00 HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
6.04 approx. BIG BAND BASH.
6.30 POPULAR CLASSICS - Conducted By Jean Fournet.
7.00 MARCH WITH THE BANDS.
7.15 MARTINI TIME - presented by Penzell & Co. Ltd.
7.30 THE HI FI CLUB - presented by Nick Kendall.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 TAKE FORTY-FIVE - With Bob Williams.
9.00 RICHARD HAYMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA.
9.15 RADIO REPORT - a review of events and people in Hong-kong produced by John Wallace.
9.30 FRANK O'CONNOR READS HIS STORY 'THE DRUNKARD'.
9.50 approx. VOICES OF THE SHAMROCK.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 GUS BIVONA & HIS BAND.
10.30 CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT - Chopin's Sonata No. 3 in B Minor Opus 58 Played By Alexander Uninsky. Piano.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT - Close Down.

Wednesday

7.00 am RISE AND SHINE - With Kendall, The Tired Tiger.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & A I R L I N E SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
8.15 RISE AND SHINE - Cont.
9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE - a request programme for the ladies presented by John Gunstone.
10.00 MUSIC FROM THE STEPPES. HIBLER, HARRISON & HOLLOWAY.
10.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS - all time hits from your film favourites.
11.30 HIGHLIGHTS - From The World's Most Popular Operas.
12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Nick Demuth is your host in a programme that includes music, reminders and information of interest about current happenings in Hong-kong.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Cont.
2.00 BANK HOLIDAY CONCERT.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES - presented by Moyra Townsend.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER - fun for the youngsters with Auntie Moyra.
5.00 ARTISTS OF DISTINCTION - half an hour with the world's greatest concert and opera artists.
5.30 JACKIE GLEASON'S ORCHESTRA.
6.00 THE MEANING OF THE CHINESE MID AUTUMN FESTIVAL - a talk by Mr. T. P. Kwong.
6.10 approx. ON WINGS OF SONG.
6.30 JOHN JOHN GUNSTONE AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL - a programme of Dixieland Jazz.
7.00 'YOURS FOR THE ASKING' - listeners serious music request programme.
7.30 THE HI FI CLUB - presented by Nick Kendall.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 CARTER BROWN MYSTERY THEATRE 'A BULLET FOR MY BABY.'

9.15 RADIO REPORT - a review of events and people in Hong-kong produced by John Wallace.
9.30 KENDALL'S CORNER - our popular disc jockey keeps you well-entertained till 10.00 pm.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 JAZZ PIANO - Barbara Carroll.
10.30 EXCURSION - We take a trip from London where we meet Diana Dors to Amsterdam and hear Dolf Van Der Linden's Orchestra before going on to listen to Eddie Constantine in Paris.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 LATE NIGHT SYMPHONY - including 'Falstaff'. Symphonic Poem By Elgar. Sir Adrian Boult Conducting The Philharmonic Promenade Concert.
12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT - Close Down.

Thursday

7.00 am LET'S FACE IT - an early morning programme of music.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & A I R L I N E SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
8.15 LET'S FACE IT - Cont.
9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE - a request programme for the ladies presented by John Gunstone.
10.00 MOMENTS TO REMEMBER - With The Norman Luboff Choir & Mantovani's Orchestra.
10.30 ARGENTINA - An Impression In Music.
11.00 ON THE SERIOUS SIDE.
11.30 SALUTE THE SMOOTH BANDS.
12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Nick Demuth is your host in a programme that includes music, reminders and information of interest about current happenings in Hong-kong. At 12.15 pm Hongkong Stock Exchange Noon Closing Rates.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY - Bach: English Suites No. 2 & 3 For Harpsichord Played by Iselde Ahlgrimm.
2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES - presented by Moyra Townsend.
3.30 ONE HUNDRED VIOLINS.
4.00 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER - fun for the youngsters with Auntie Moyra.
5.00 TANGO TIME.
5.15 AL JOLSON - A Souvenir. Including Villa-Lobos String Quartet No. 6: Hollywood String Quartet.
6.00 HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
6.04 approx. VERA LYNN SINGS - Jonah Jones Plays.
6.30 ALL STRINGS AND FANCY FREE.
7.00 ALICE RIBEIRO Soprano - Gives A Recital Of Brazilian Songs.
7.15 MARTINI TIME - presented by Penzell & Co. Ltd.
7.30 THE HI FI CLUB - by Nick Kendall.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
8.30 THE NATIONAL HALF HOUR - compiled and presented by John Gunstone.
9.00 CELLO RECITAL - By Sasah Vedomov.
9.15 RADIO REPORT - a review of events and people in Hong-kong produced by John Wallace.
9.30 LA RONDE CONTINENTALE - With Lydia St Clair.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
10.30 OPERA HIGHLIGHTS FROM 'WEATHER' - by Massenet starring Suzanne Juyol, Charles Richard, Camille Redoucty & Roger Bourdin.

Chorus & Orchestra of the Theatre National De L'Opera Comique Da Paris. Conducted By George Sebastian.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT - Close Down.

Friday

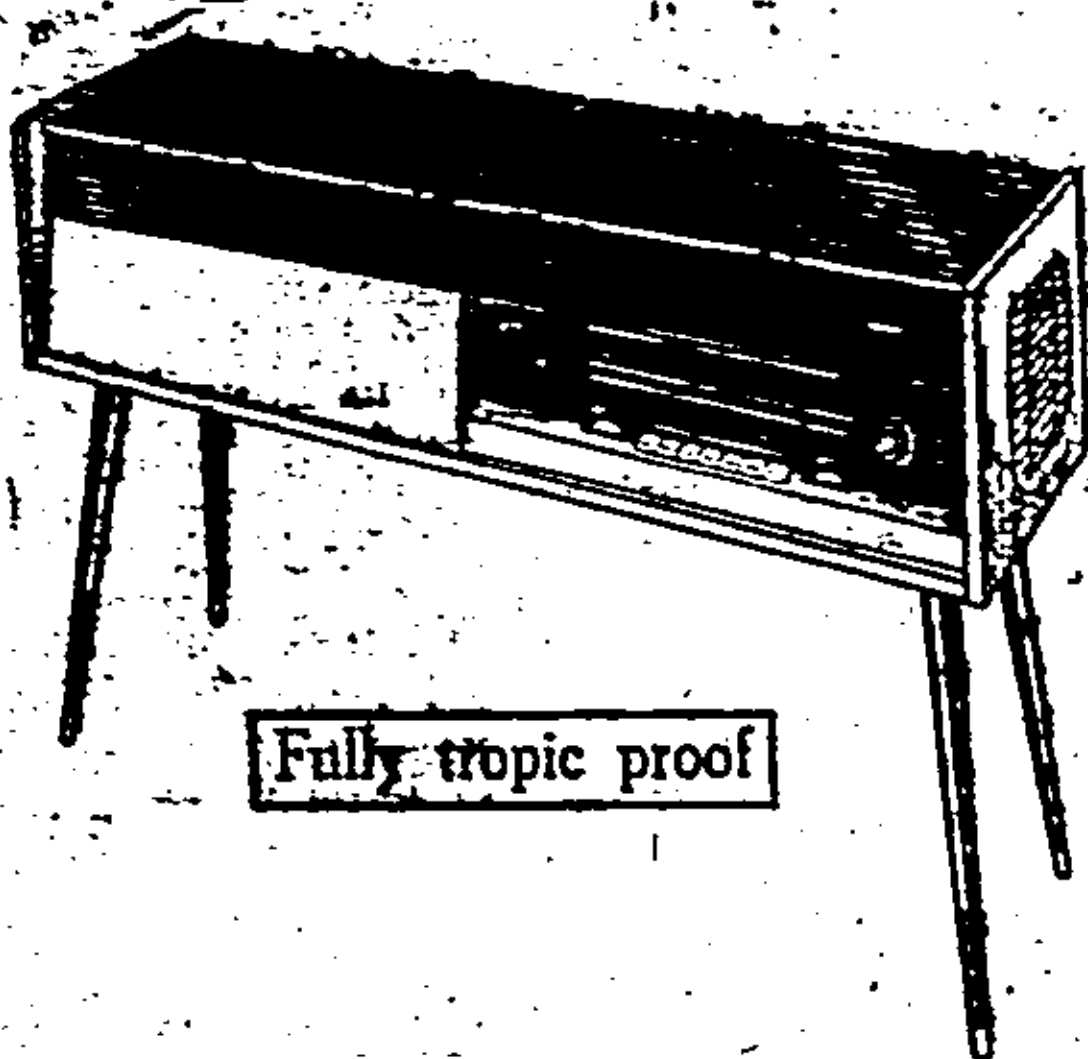
7.00 am LET'S FACE IT - an early morning programme of music.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & A I R L I N E SCHEDULES FOR THE DAY.
8.15 LET'S FACE IT - Cont.
9.00 HOUSEWIVES CHOICE - a request programme for the ladies presented by John Gunstone.
10.00 PERCY FAITH - Plays Negro Spirituals.
10.30 THE SONGS OF LERNER & LOEWE.
11.00 MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS.
11.30 MUSIC AROUND THE WORLD - accompany us on a fantasy journey in music and song.
12.00 Noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Nick Demuth is your host in a programme that includes music, reminders and information of interest about current happenings in Hong-kong. At 12.15 pm Hongkong Stock Exchange Noon Closing Rates.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS - Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY - Hindemith: Symphony. Mathis The Painter. Berlin Philharmonic Orch. Conducted By The Composer.
2.45 approx. INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES - presented by Moyra Townsend.
3.30 CAVALCADE OF STRINGS.
4.00 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER - fun for the youngsters with Auntie Moyra.
5.00 PETE RUGULO & HIS BAND.
5.15 THE DARLING OF PARIS - Gaiety City.
5.30 THE SPEED OF LIGHT.
5.45 PERRY COMO SINGS.
6.00 HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE CLOSING RATES.
6.04 approx. POPULAR CLASSICS - conducted by Willem Van Otterloo.
6.30 BATTLE OF THE BANDS - In One Corner Johnny Hodges Group Seconded By Bob Williams And In The Other Charlie Parkers Group Seconded By Nick Demuth.
7.00 'SLOW FIRE' - A Drama previously broadcast in Radio Novels on Saturday, Sept. 15th.
7.30 THE HI FI CLUB - by Nick Kendall.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 PIANO PLAYTIME.
8.30 ON THE RUEDA ROAD - The 5th in the series of talks by Col. F. T. Harrington, I.M.S.
8.45 approx. IT'S SO PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY - some light music in a rural mood.
9.00 TIME OUT WITH FRANCES - some popular new records introduced by Frances Da Silva.
9.15 RADIO REPORT - a review of events and people in Hong-kong produced by John Wallace.
9.30 BRIC-A-BRAC - presented by Mary Henri.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 ONCE UPON A TURN TABLE - presented by John Wallace.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 LATE NIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERT - including Haydn Symphony No. 104 The London. George Szell & Cleveland Orchestra; Handel & Grotel Fantasy By Hammerdinck; Hans Swarowsky & Vienna Philharmonic. Sym. Orch.
12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT - Close Down.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 1

8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.45 FROM THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.
9.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, The World Today.
10.30 THE M.P. AND HIS WORK.
10.45 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

SUNDAY, OCT. 2

8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
9.00 THE FRAUDULENT ARCH-DEACON.
9.30 THE HAPPY WANDERER.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.05 NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 THE UNLOOKER.
10.30 INTERNATIONAL PRESS CONFERENCE.
10.45 HALLST MUSIC - On gramophone records.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

MONDAY, OCT. 3

8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 COMMENTARY.
8.15 REVIEW OF THE SPORTING PRESS.
8.30 COMMONWEALTH OF SONG.

9.15 REPORTS FROM NIGERIA.
9.30 BAND OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (The Blues) - Directed by Captain J. E. Thirle on gramophone records.
9.45 MAINLY FOR WOMEN.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.05 NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 ASIAN CLUB.
10.45 THE DAVID WOLFSTHAL PLAYERS.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

TUESDAY, OCT. 4

8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
9.00 GREAT WORDS OF THE BIBLE.
9.15 PORTRAIT OF A COMPOSER.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.05 NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA - By Allister Cooke.
10.45 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK - Beethoven (on records).
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 5

8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.31 MELODY HOUR.
9.00 THE FIRST OF MANY.
9.15 SHORTWAVE LISTENERS' CORNER.
9.30 MY WORD.

10.00 THE NEWS.
10.05 NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 LANDMARKS OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT.
10.45 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK - Beethoven (on records).
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

THURSDAY, OCT. 6

8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 WELSH MAGAZINE.
9.00 THE MUSICIAN SPEAKS.
9.15 MARCHING AND WALTZING.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.05 NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 NEW IDEAS.
10.45 FOR THE VERY YOUNG - A programme for children under five.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

FRIDAY, OCT. 7

8.00 THE NEWS.
8.05 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 MUSIC FOR DANCING.
9.45 WORKING WITH PEOPLE.
9.30 MERCHANT NAVY PROGRAMME.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.05 NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 LIFE AND LETTERS.
10.30 THE WORLD TODAY.
10.45 DANCE MUSIC.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

Radio HK (cont'd)

Wednesday

- 7.00 am RISING NOTES.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.25 RISING NOTES (cont'd).
7.35 WEATHER REPORT.
7.45 RISING NOTES (cont'd).
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
8.05 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.15 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.25 DIARY FOR TODAY, MID WEEK MELODIES.
8.35 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
8.45 HOME TILL TEN — With David Duckertey.
8.55 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (repeat).
9.05 THE KINGSTON TRIO.
9.15 THE WORLD AROUND US.
9.25 HIGH LIGHTS FROM THE OPERA (Verdi).
9.35 LIES MY FATHER TOLD ME.
9.45 PM GEORGE SHEARING.
9.55 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
10.05 WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
10.25 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS — "Can-Can" (Cole Porter).
10.35 TIME SIGNAL, VIRTUOSO — Preludes Op. 28 (Chopin).
10.45 "Friedrich" (Gubka) (Piano).
10.55 Burlesque (Richard Strauss).
11.05 Friedrich Gulda (Piano) with the London Sym. Orch.
11.15 ANTHONY COLLINS.
11.25 CARNIVAL TROPICANA.
11.35 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.
11.45 C. P. MACGREGOR SHOW.
11.55 TONIGHT'S FAVOURITES — Naughty Marietta (V. Herbert-R. J. Young).
12.05 THE YOUNG IDEA.
12.15 TIME SIGNAL, HOMEWARD BOUND.
12.25 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.35 INTERLUDE.
12.45 EVENING STAR — Grace Fields.
12.55 SPEAKING GENERALLY — A British Council Programme.
1.05 THE ARCHERS.
1.15 TIME FOR JAZZ — With Robin Day (small).
1.25 LIES FROM AMERICA.
1.35 SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER — A talk from England by Stephen Alexander. No. 2 — One for the Road.
1.45 WEATHER REPORT.
1.55 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.
2.05 TODAY.
2.15 FROM THE CONCERT HALL — Wong-Kuk Ying (Piano).
2.25 RADIO-HONGKONG STORY COMPETITION — "Just Another Friday" by Andrew Body, read by Ian Kingsley.
2.35 IN PERSPECTIVE — Introducing Lord Birkett, recalling the early days of his career and relating the past to what the future may hold.
2.45 THE FOOD OF LOVE.
2.55 WEATHER REPORT.
3.05 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
3.15 MY WORD (repeat).
3.25 SONGS OF THE WEST.
3.35 WEATHER REPORT.
3.45 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
3.55 AROUND THE WORLD IN MUSIC — "New Zealand".
4.05 WALTZ TIME.
4.15 WEATHER REPORT.
4.25 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
4.35 MIDNIGHT, TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save the Queen.

Thursday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, MORNING MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.25 MORNING MUSIC (cont'd).
7.35 WEATHER REPORT.
7.45 MORNING MUSIC.
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
8.05 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.15 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.25 DIARY FOR TODAY, RHYTHM RENDEZVOUS.
8.35 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
8.45 HOME TILL TEN — With Timothy Birch.
8.55 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (repeat).
9.05 HANK THOMPSON AND HIS BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS.
9.15 THE WORLD AROUND US.
9.25 LIFE WITH THE LYONS.
9.35 MORNING CONCERT — Edgard Varèse, Op. 36 (Elixir) — St. John Barbirolli cond. the Halle Orch. — Bridge Fair (Dellius) — Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. C. H. Cond. the Royal Philharmonic Orch.
9.45 PM MID DAY PRAYERS — By The Rev. Father Joseph Foley S.J.
9.55 HANDBOX.
10.05 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
10.15 WEATHER REPORT.
10.25 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
10.35 MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA (repeat).
10.45 TIME SIGNAL, WOMAN'S WORLD.
10.55 ESCORT.
11.05 TIME SIGNAL, WE LIVE AND LEARN.
11.15 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.
11.25 FILM FOCUS (repeat).
11.35 THE YOUNG IDEA.
11.45 TIME SIGNAL, HOMEWARD BOUND.
11.55 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.05 INTERLUDE.
12.15 PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.
12.25 THE ARCHERS.
12.35 HONGKONG HIT PARADE — Presented by Michel Mardetta.
12.45 WEATHER REPORT.
12.55 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.
1.05 TODAY.
1.15 HANDBOX — A new radio comedy by James Saunders.
1.25 MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR — Introduced by David Yuen.

- Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 in F Major (Bach) — Karl Münchinger cond. Stuttgart Chamber Orch. with soloists: Sonata No. 9 in A Major Op. 47 ("Kreutzer") (Beethoven).
Nathan Milstein (Violin) Artur Balsam (Piano).
9.55 WEATHER REPORT.
10.05 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
10.15 PEOPLE A B E FUNNY (repeat).
10.25 COOL AND QUIET.
10.35 WEATHER REPORT.
10.45 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
10.55 EDWARDIAN RECOLLECTIONS — Rita Cust-Farrell and Lawrence Gilliam.
11.05 MUSIC FOR SWEETHEARTS.
11.15 WEATHER REPORT.
11.25 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
11.35 MIDNIGHT, TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save the Queen.

Friday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, MORNING MELBOY.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.25 MORNING MELODY (cont'd).
7.35 WEATHER REPORT.
7.45 MORNING MELODY (cont'd).
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
8.05 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
8.15 PROGRAMME PARADE.
8.25 DIARY FOR TODAY, FRIDAY'S FAVOURITES.
8.35 AT THE OPERA — "Aida" (Verdi).
8.45 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
8.55 HOME TILL TEN — With Barbara Lawrence.
9.05 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL (repeat).
9.15 BENNY PAYNE PLAYS AND SINGS.
9.25 THE WORLD AROUND US.
9.35 NETHERLANDS CHAMBER MUSIC.
9.45 SHOW BUSINESS — "Gloria" (Gershwin), starring: Mary Martin.
9.55 Noon. CONCERTO — Fra Diavolo — Overture (Auber); Roman Carnival Overture Op. 9 (Berlioz) — The Cleveland Orchestra cond. by George Szell; Concerto for Guitar and Orch. (Castañeda-Tedesco) — Andres Segovia (guitar) with The New London Orch. cond. by Alec Sherman; Concerto in G Major (Ravel) — Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli (Piano) with the Philharmonia Orch. cond. by Ettore Gracis.
10.05 pm TIME SIGNAL, DIARY

REDIFFUSION
REALISM AND FANTASY
IN CBC THEATRE PLAY

CBC Theatre presents "Thank you, Edmondo", a play by Mac Shaub, on Monday at 9.35 p.m. "Thank you, Edmondo" is a play which blends realism and fantasy, in a setting of post-war Italy.

A group of peasants, ploughing a field near their village after the war, find the grave of a Canadian soldier. They have to make a hard decision: whether to use the field to grow much-needed food for the village, or to leave it as a sacred memorial to the dead man. When they cannot agree, they take the problem to the village priest. With his assistance, they vote in favour of ploughing the land. Only Edmondo opposes this. He is ready to sacrifice the land for the sake of the soldier who lies in it. He is laughed at as an impractical romanticist by his friends, as they prepared to continue their work. Over their conflict the presence of the soldier is quietly watching. It is his final word to the unhappy Edmondo that gives the play its title.

Puzzle corner

John Grant returns on Wednesday at 9.35 pm with a new series of "Puzzle Corner". This new king-sized Puzzle Corner which will last half-an-hour will also carry a \$50.00 cash prize. This should provide added interest and encourage more listeners to put on their thinking-caps and turn up with the correct answers.

Music for the millions

Cable And Wireless Limited is sponsoring a show called "Music For The Millions" on Wednesday at 7.30 pm. Light classical music will be the order of the day, and listeners who enjoyed the Cable And Wireless presentation of "Concert Miniature" last season, will find more listening pleasure in "Music For The Millions".

A Day Like Any Other

On Tuesday at 9.35 pm Rediffusion presents a play by Heinrich Boll entitled "A Day Like Any Other". "A Day Like Any Other" is a charming play with undertones of tragedy, but lacking the bit-

- terness that characterises much of Boll's writing. A clerk, played by Clifford Evans, is estranged from his wife. On an errand from his office he sees reflected in a shop window a woman, no longer young but compellingly attractive to him. He watches her sad profile through two plate glass windows; she moves off, and as he follows her is aware that it is his own wife. Incidents during their married life are remembered in flashback scenes and the man realises just how hopelessly in love with her he has become again.
- 7.15 WEATHER REPORT.
7.25 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
7.35 LETTER FROM AMERICA (repeat).
7.45 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT.
7.55 LONDON CALLING.
8.05 BENNY GOODMAN AND HIS SEKTET.
8.15 WE LIVE AND LEARN.
8.25 SONG OF THE SOUTH.
8.35 G O I N G PLACES — With Michael Baldwin.
8.45 THE YOUNG IDEA — Presented by Mavis.
8.55 TIME SIGNAL, HOMEWARD BOUND — Music for tired workers.
9.05 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
9.15 INTERLUDE.
9.25 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
9.35 THE ARCHERS.
9.45 THE WEEK'S GOOD CAUSE — An appeal on behalf of the Boys and Girls Clubs Association by the Hon C. J. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs.
9.55 TRIBUTE TO VALOUR — "Nigel Willmott".
10.05 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND.
10.15 WEATHER REPORT.
10.25 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS & COMMENTARY.
10.35 TODAY.
10.45 IN LIGHTER MOOD — With Malcolm Lockyer and his Orchestra.
10.55 BEHIND THE HEADLINES — Correspondents from leading news agencies meet around the microphone at Radio Hongkong to discuss the week's news. Chairman: Timothy Birch.
11.05 PARIS STAR TIME.
11.15 WEATHER REPORT.
11.25 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
11.35 THE LESSER LIGHTS — The second of two programmes commemorating the birth of Nicolai Pergolesi, Cherubini, and Albeniz. Compiled and introduced by Clive Simpson.
11.45 WEATHER REPORT.
11.55 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.
12.05 THE UNPASSING MOMENT — By William Gerhard.
12.15 CINDERELLA — Rodgers and Hammerstein.
12.25 WEATHER REPORT.
12.35 NEWS HEADLINES FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
12.45 MIDNIGHT, TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—God Save the Queen.

FM ONLY

- 8.30 pm AT THE OPERA — "Aida" (Verdi) Act 1, Act 2, Act 3, Act 4, Vienna Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Herbert von Karajan with Renata Tebaldi, Giulietta Simionato Carlo Bergonzi.

- 8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ENTERTAINMENT ROUND UP.
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR — Presented by C.A.T.
8.30 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC — BECTS.
9.00 SHIRAZ HIT PARADE — The Top Times of the Week.
9.20 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 RHYTHM IS THEIR BUSINESS — Featuring the Eric Delaney Band.
10.05 NOM DE PLUME FASCINATING STORIES OF FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN WHO ASSUMED NAMES OTHER THAN THEIR OWN.
10.30 REDIFFUSION'S DANCE PARTY — Popular Dance Music.
11.00 STOP PRESS — News Headlines.
11.05 DANCE PARTY — Continued.
12.00 Midnight, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Sunday

- 7.00 am SUNDAY SERENADE — A Programme of Light Music.
7.30 THE SUNSHINE BOYS — Gospel Songs and Spirituals.
7.45 KEYBOARD RHYTHM.
8.00 MUSIC BY MALTY.
8.30 HAWAIIAN MUSIC.
9.00 NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
9.15 THE STRINGS IN RHYTHM — A Programme of Light Music.
9.30 FORCES FAVOURITES — Request Show for the Forces.
10.30 MARCHING AND WALTZING.
11.00 MOVIE MAGAZINE — (Repeat) — With Prizes to be Won.
11.30 VICTOR SILVESTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
12.00 Noon. GUILTY PARTY — A Problem in Crime Detection by Edward J. Mason.
1.00 pm BOX OFFICE DRAW — Selections from Musical Shows.
1.15 WEATHER REPORT, NEWS AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 FAMILY FORUM — Presented by Tony Myatt.
2.30 SUNDAY CONCERT — Music of the Master.
3.30 YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT — Mike Ellery Answers Your Requests.
4.30 I HEAR A RHAPSODY.
5.00 TEA DANCE — Popular Dance Music.
5.30 PEPPI COLA'S RUMPUS TIME — The Ten-To-Twenty Club Rock Show featuring Betty Yaneza's Combo with guest stars. Host: Ron Ross.
6.00 NEWS FROM RADIO AUSTRALIA.
6.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
6.30 EVENSONG — Church Service.
7.00 MUSIC FOR YOUNG PEOPLE — Presented by Fr. T. F. Ryan, S.J.
7.30 PLACES AND PEOPLE — Presented by John Grant.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS.
8.30 MOVIE MAGAZINE — With a Movie Quiz, Film Sound Tracks, Music and Interviews with the Stars.
9.00 STARS ON WINGS — Comper: Neville Powley.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE — "A Day Like Any Other", by Heinrich Boll.
10.05 LATE DATE — With Ron Ross.
11.00 STOP PRESS — News Headlines.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND — Light Music.
12.00 Midnight, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Monday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK — Popular Variety with Time Checks.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.25 MUSICAL CLOCK — Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING — Presented by Mike Ellery.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING — Continued.
10.00 REMEMBER THESE? — Melodies for Reminiscing.
10.30 SECOND SPRING — True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 THE INK SPOTS.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 THE MELBA STORY — (Repeat).
12.15 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE — Accent on the Accordion.
12.30 THE MIDDAY CONCERT.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.
2.00 MELODY TIME — Light Music.
4.00 DOROTHY CARLESS SHOW — With Wally Stott's Orchestra and the Dennis Wilson Trio.
4.15 TEA DANCE — Popular Dance Music.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATELLITE — A Story of Man's Conquest of the Moon.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER — Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
6.00 MONDAY REQUESTS — Presented by Ron Ross.
6.30 WALTZ TIME — A Holiday in Three Quarter Time.
6.45 THE ARCHERS — An Everyday story of Country Life in England.
7.00 VOICE OF SPORT — News and Views of the Colony's Sports and Sportsmen.
7.15 THE LIBERACE SHOW — Featuring the Greatest Showman — Musician of the day — Presented by Schweppes.
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY — A Private Investigator who conducts his own private war on crime and Criminals.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 UNIVERSITY CHILDREN'S DAY MESSAGE BY MR MAURICE PATE, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF UNICEF.
8.15 THIRTY TO ONE — Presenting

- the Musical Choice of the Ross Family 10-B Wongneichung Gap Road, Hong Kong.
8.45 TALK BECTS.
9.00 OFF THE RECORD — Latest Releases Reviewed by Ron Ross.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 C.B.C. PLAYHOUSE PRESENTING — "Thank You Edmondo".
10.05 JERRY BOX — Operated by Mike Ellery.
11.00 STOP PRESS — News Headlines.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND — Light Music.
12.00 Midnight, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Tuesday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK — Popular Variety with Time Checks.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.25 MUSICAL CLOCK — Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING — Presented by Ron Ross.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING — Continued.
10.00 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
10.30 SECOND SPRING — True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 DEAN MARTIN.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 PROGRESSIVE JAZZ — Presented by Tony Myatt.
12.15 pm MARKET REPORT — Har- monica Highlights.
12.30 APERITIF.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 VERA LYNN SHOW.
2.00 MELODY TIME — Light Music.
4.00 FELIX KING ORCHESTRA — With Ronnie Harris and Patti Lewis.
4.15 TEA DANCE — Popular Dance Music.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATELLITE — A story of Man's Conquest on the Moon.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER — Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 SERENATA — A Sweet Music Played by Reginald Leopold with the Sidney Torch Strings.
6.00 TUESDAY REQUESTS — Presented by Tony Myatt.
6.30 SMALL AND SWEET.
6.45 THE ARCHERS — An Everyday story of Country Life in England.
7.00 MUSIC IN MINIATURE — A Quiet Half-Hour for Serious Music Lovers.
7.30 RAY ELLINGTON QUARTET. HERE COMES O'MALLEY — A Detective who gives a novel twist to the battle against crime.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS.
8.30 MOVIE MAGAZINE — With a Movie Quiz, Film Sound Tracks, Music and Interviews with the Stars.
9.00 STARS ON WINGS — Comper: Neville Powley.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE — "A Day Like Any Other", by Heinrich Boll.
10.05 LATE DATE — With Ron Ross.
11.00 STOP PRESS — News Headlines.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND — Light Music.
12.00 Midnight, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Wednesday

- 7.00 am WEDNESDAY SERENADE.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING — Presented by Mike Ellery.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING — Continued.
10.00 THE CLEBANOFF STRINGS. SECOND SPRING — True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 FERRY COMO.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 EDMUNDO ROS ORCHESTRA — (Repeat).
12.15 pm MARKET REPORT. Two Cuntars.
12.30 RAGTIME PIANO.
12.45 CANADIAN SHOW CASE.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
1.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
2.00 MELODY TIME — Light Music.
4.00 A TALE TO TELL — "More Tales from the Pacific Islands".
4.15 TEA DANCE — Popular Dance Music.
4.45 Operation Moon Satellite — A Story of Man's Conquest of the Moon.
5.00 CHILDREN'S HOUR — Presented by Ron Ross.
6.30 THE BILL DAVIS FOUR.
6.45 THE ARCHERS — An Everyday story of Country Life in England.
7.00 PRESENTING ALLAN JONES. SCIENCE SURVEY — Covering All Aspects of Popular Science.
7.30 CABLE AND WIRELESS PRESENTS — "Music for the Millions".
7.50 HERE COMES O'MALLEY — A Two-Listed Crusader Against Crime and Criminals.
8.00 B.B.C. News.
8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR — Presented by C.A.T.
8.30 DIAMOND MUSIC SHOW — Featuring the latest Mercury, Echo, Coral, Dot, Imperial and ABC Paramount Best Sellers. Host: Ron Ross.
9.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR — Starring Tony Hancock, Sidney James and Bill Kerr.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 PUZZLE CORNER — With \$50 Cash Prize — Presented by John Grant.
10.05 SWEET WITH A BEAT — Presented by Tony Myatt.
11.00 STOP PRESS — News Headlines.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND — Light Music.
12.00 Midnight, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Thursday

JACK HAWKINS STARS IN FILM ON PRO-NAZI ACTIVITIES DURING WAR

Saturday's "Four Just Men" this week stars Jack Hawkins in "The Survivor", the story of pro-Nazi activities and Manfred's valiant efforts to unmask the guilty.

In "Laramie" at 9.50 "The Run to Tumavaca" tells of a faithless wife who tries to revive an old romance with Jess Harper and persuade him to help her escape to Mexico, blonde actress Gena Rowlands plays the part of the wife.

Sunday Showtime this week brings you an adventure of the outdoors in "West Of Zanzibar" which stars Anthony Steel and Sheila Sim in the story of the bitter struggle to smash an ivory smuggling gang in Kenya. The film was shot on location and gains enormously from its natural settings and beautiful wild-life photography.

The Monday Documentary is a delightful little film produced in conjunction with the Victoria and Albert Museum, illustrating the changes in ladies fashions over the last sixty years.

At 8.50, Ron Ross will be bringing you highlights from the current releases in "Movie Magazine."

Another gripping film in the "Suspicion" series at 9.45 on Tuesday is "Meeting in Paris" which stars Jane Greer and Rory Calhoun in an adventure concerning the uncovering of a large ring of black-marketeers — co-starring is Walter Abel.

The "Music Makers" on Wednesday are Bob and June Elliott and in Thursday's "Wagon Train" that delightful actress, who has made such a name on both sides of the Atlantic, Jeannie Carson, stars in "The Annie MacGreggor Story."

Headlines, Weather Report And Announcements — Close Down.

Monday

5.00 pm CHILDREN'S HOUR— "The Adventures of Twizzle."
5.15 CARTOONS.
5.30 "THE ROUGH RIDERS."
5.55 CARTOON.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD" — Starring Richard Greene.
8.00 "MARKHAM" — Starring Ray Millan.
8.25 "DOCUMENTARY" — "Sixty Years of Fashion."
8.45 "THE NEWS IN BRIEF."
8.50 MOVIE MAGAZINE — Current And Forthcoming Film Reviewed by Ron Ross. An R.T.V. Studio Presentation.
9.15 "LOCK UP" — Starring Mac Donald Carey.
9.40 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL — News Headlines, Weather Report And Announcements — Close Down.

Tuesday

5.00 "TIME FOR TOTS" — Introduced by Angela Bood.
5.15 "THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM TELL."
5.40 "JOE PALOOKA" — With Cathy Downs And Sid Tomack.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "THE SONG PARADE" — Produced By John Bow; An R.T.V. Studio Presentation.
8.00 "HIGHWAY PATROL" — Starring Broderick Crawford As Dan Mathers.
8.25 "TOPPER" — Starring Leo G. Carroll, Anne Jefferys And Robert Sterling.
8.50 THE NEWS IN BRIEF.
8.55 THE MAN AND THE CHALLENGE.
9.02 "THIS MAN DAWSON" — Starring Keith Andes.
9.45 "SUSPICION" — Starring Rory Calhoun and Jane Greer in "Meeting in Paris."
10.35 "THE GOLDBERGS" — Starring Gertrude Berg.
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL — News Headlines, Weather Report And Announcements — Close Down.

Wednesday

5.00 pm CHINESE CHILDREN'S TALENT SHOW.
5.15 CARTOONS.
5.30 "FURY" — Starring Bobby Diamond And Fury The Wonder Horse.
5.55 CARTOON.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "THIS IS YOUR MUSIC" — (Showboat Days).
8.00 BRITISH TELEVISION NEWS.
8.10 "THE JACK BENNY PROGRAMME" — Starring Jack Benny.
8.35 BEVERLY GARLAND — In "Decoy" — "Saturday Lost."
9.00 NEWS IN BRIEF.
9.05 "THE MUSIC MAKERS" — An R.T.V. Studio Presentation.
9.20 "PARIS PRECINCT" — Starring Louis Jourdain And Claude Dauphin.
9.45 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.15 LATE NIGHT FINAL — News Headlines, Weather Report And Announcements — Close Down.

Thursday

5.00 pm CHINESE CHILDREN'S STORY TIME — An R.T.V. Studio Presentation.
5.10 "ROCKY JONES SPACE RANGER" — Starring Richard Crane.
5.35 ROBERT SHAW IN — "The Buccaneers."
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "KINGDOM OF THE SEA" — With Col. John B. Craig.
8.00 "THE LIBERACE SHOW" — Starring Liberace The Greatest Showman-Musician of the Day.
8.30 "INTERPOL CALLING" — Starring Charles Korvin; "Slow Boat To Amsterdam."
8.55 THE NEWS IN BRIEF.
9.00 "WAGON TRAIN" — Starring Ward Bond And Robert Horton in "The Annie MacGreggor Story With Jeannie Carson."
9.50 THE LUCKY LAGER SPORTS PROGRAMME.
10.20 "MEDIC" — Starring Richard Boone in "Black Friday."

Friday

5.00 pm CHILDREN'S HOUR — "Willy The Wonderful."
5.15 ALEC PEILL PRESENTS "SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK" — An R.T.V. Studio Presentation.
5.35 "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" — Starring Richard Simmon With Yukon

COMMERCIAL RADIO 1530 kcs 196 mtrs

REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU TRIED ALCOHOL?

The disastrous results of a young person's first experience with alcohol often provide amusement for the spectators. Frank O'Connor — who was heard reading his story 'My Oedipus Complex' a few weeks ago — recalls the first time he sampled beer on Tuesday night at 9.30. Although prompted by the best intention — that of protecting his father from intoxication — his high minded action was rewarded with the inevitable after-effects.

The Mid-Autumn Festival is one of the most important Festivals in the Chinese Calendar. It is being celebrated this year on Wednesday, and at 6 o'clock Mr T. P. Kwong will be in the studio to give a talk on the meaning of the Festival.

On Monday a new daily feature starts in 'For The Ladies' (Mon.-Fri., 3-4). A knowledge of Cantonese can save one a lot of time and worry, and those who have difficulty learning the language from a book — and who doesn't? — will perhaps derive some benefit from the lessons Robert Lo will be giving to Moyna Townsend.

To celebrate the occasion of the one hundredth visitor to 'Services Special' (Sunday 4-5), David White has several guests in the studio, including vocalist Eve Pearson and a group of young musicians from Army units stationed in the Colony.

Ever since the opening of the station, 'Yours For The Asking', a 30-minute serious music request programme has been heard each week. The response to this has been so encouraging that in addition to the present concert on Wednesday from 7 to 7.30, a second programme can be heard on Saturday from 6.30 to 7.

British composers are well represented on the Concert Hour programme this week. In 'Music For The Sabbath' (Sun. 10-11 am) Sir Adrian Boult is conducting the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra in Vaughan Williams 'Norfolk Rhapsody', and this is followed by Gustav Holst's Suite 'The Planets' with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Women's Voices of the Roger Wagner Choral and the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Edward Elgar's 'Symphonic Poem 'Falstaff' can be heard in Late Night Symphony on Wednesday from 11.15 — midnight. Sir Adrian Boult conducts the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra.

John Gunstone occupies the chair for 'Lunchtime Rendezvous' on Monday (12-2 pm) and Nick Demuth for the remainder of the week.

Today

11.30 am SOUTH OF THE BORDER. Noon. LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS — John Gunstone is your host in a programme that includes music, reminders and information of interest about current happenings in Hong Kong.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS CONT.
2.00 BIRLEY'S OPEN HOUSE — With Bob Williams and occasional visits to the Square Booth.
4.00 CARLO GRELL'S ORCHESTRA WITH MUSIC FROM VIENNA.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.51 AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL — With Slim Pickings & Shorty Zilk.
5.00 MAN ABOUT TOWN, VAUGHN MONROE.

King And Rex in "Golden Girl."
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "LEAVE IT TO BEAVER" — With Jerry Mathers in "Beaver Takes A Loan."
8.00 "MORLEY OF THE YARD" — Starring Patrick Barr.
8.25 SCREEN DIRECTOR'S PLAYHOUSE PRESENTS "THE BRUSH ROVER" — With Walter Brennan.
8.50 THE NEWS IN BRIEF.
8.55 CONFIDENTIAL FILE — With Paul Coates.
9.20 CANTONESE FEATURE.
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL — News Headlines, Weather Report And Announcements — Close Down.

5.15 HAMMOND & PIANO, EDDIE GREEN & STEPHEN ILES.
5.30 A BRITISH INTERLUDE — With Russ Conway, Harry Lauder, Eve Bowell & Ronald Hinge.
6.00 RAY ANTHONY'S TRUMPET & ORCHESTRA.
6.30 "YOURS FOR THE ASKING" — Listeners serious music request programme.
7.00 THE HI FI CLUB BIRTHDAY PARTY WITH AN AUDIENCE — Presented by Nick Kendall.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 SPORTS RESULTS.
8.17 APPROX. MUSICAL INTERLUDE.
8.30 RADIO NOVELS 'WHITE NIGHT'.
9.00 STRING SERENADE.
9.30 PERCY FAITH PLAYS KIMBY.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 FROM JAPAN, HIROSHI WADA & HIS MARINA STARS.
10.30 SATURDAY BAND SHOW — Music from the big band and the smooth bands.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWZEEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 SATURDAY BAND SHOW CONT.
12.00 MIDNIGHT WEATHER REPORT — Close Down.

Sunday

7.00 am START THE DAY RIGHT WITH DAVID WHITE.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG, WEATHER REPORT & AIRLINE SCHEDULE.
9.15 THE VOICE OF KATE GRANT.
9.30 SUNDAY VARIETY — Music and song for your after breakfast listening.
10.00 MUSIC FOR THE SABBATH — Vaughan Williams 'Norfolk Rhapsody' with Sir Adrian Boult Conducting The Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra. Suite 'The Planets' by Gustav Holst. The Women's Voices Of The Roger Wagner Choral & The Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted By Leopold Stokowski.
11.00 PIANO INTERLUDE.
11.15 EYDIE GORME SINGS.
11.30 SUNDAY STRINGS.
12.00 Noon. THE SUNDAY SUNKIST SERENADE — Presented by John Wallace.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT: SUNKIST SERENADE CONT.
3.00 PROMENADE — A programme of light orchestral music and popular classics.
4.00 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 SERVICES SPECIAL — A request programme for members and families of Her Majesty's Forces in Hong Kong, presented by David White.
5.00 SUMMER EVENING SERENADE — Music in a relaxed mood.
5.30 OPERATIC ARIA RECITAL — By Leonard Warren, Baritone.
5.45 KEN GRIFFIN PLAYS.
6.00 THE BIG BANDS OF TED HEATH & SOME CUBAN TIES FROM STAN KENTON.
8.30 HIGHLIGHTS FROM "GLAMOROUS NIGHTS" BY IVOR NOVELLO — Starring Mary Ellis & Trevor Jones.
7.00 TO YOU, ALOHA — Bob Williams presents music from Hawaii.
7.30 SUNDAY CONCERT — Concerts For Piano & Orch. No. 3 By Beethoven. Rudolf Serkin. Piano With Eugene Ormandy Conducting The Philharmonic Orchestra.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 MAY I HAVE THIS WALKER.
8.30 PHILIP'S MUSIC BOX.
9.00 MUSIC WE LOVE — A Voice Of America Presentation.
9.30 THEATRE TIME — With Somerset Maugham — "Mirage".
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG & WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK — Popular Variety with Time Checks.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK — Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING — Presented by Ron Ross.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING — Continued.
10.00 ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
10.30 SECOND SPRING — True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 FRANK SINATRA.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.45 TREASURE CHEST QUIZ. CONFERE: MIKE ELLERY (Repeat).
12.15 pm MARKET REPORT — George Wright at the Hammond. Orchestra.
12.30 BANDOBOX.
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
1.30 MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
2.00 MELODY TIME — Light Music.
4.00 LAWRENCE WELK AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
4.15 TEA DANCE — Popular Dance Music.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATELLITE — A Story of Man's Conquest of the Moon.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER — Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 SONGS OF THE ISLAND — Hawaiian Music.
6.00 THURSDAY REQUESTS — Presented by Tony Myatt.
6.30 POLKA PARTY.
6.45 THE ARCHERS — An Everyday story of Country Life in England.
7.00 VOICE OF SPORT — News and Views of the Colony's Sports and Sportsmen.
7.15 YOUR HONGKONG HIT PARADE — An Accurate Tabulation of the Top Tunes in Hongkong with a Snow-Balling Cash Prize of \$100.
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY — A Private Investigator who conducts his own private war on crime and criminals.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 MUSIC TIME — A Programme of Classical Music — Prepared & Presented by Charles Harvey.
9.00 FILM TIME — From Pinewood Studios In London.
9.15 HONGKONG BYLINE — News, Views and Interviews.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 KIP O'KANE — Romance and Adventure against Authentic Background of the New Guinea Jungle.
10.00 STRIKE UP THE BAND — Presented by Disc Jockey Gary Stewart of Rediffusion.
11.00 STOP PRESS — News Headlines.
11.05 A Date In Dreamland — Light Music.
12.00 Midnight. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Friday

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK — Popular Variety with Time Checks.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK — Continued.
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 TOP OF THE MORNING — Presented by Mike Ellery.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.02 TOP OF THE MORNING — Continued.
10.00 STARS ON WING — (Repeat).
10.30 SECOND SPRING — True Life Story of Christine Harding.
10.45 NAT KING COLE.
11.00 COFFEE BREAK.
11.30 RECITAL.
11.45 DENNIS WILSON AT THE PIANO.
11.55 MARKET REPORT.
12.00 Noon CONCERTO.
1.00 pm DIARY FOR TODAY.
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA.
1.45 LONDON STUDIO ORCHESTRA.
2.15 MELODY TIME — Light Music.
4.00 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS LATIN AMERICAN ORCHESTRA.
4.15 TEA DANCE — Popular Dance Music.
4.45 OPERATION MOON SATELLITE — A Story of Man's Conquest of the Moon.
5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER — Presented by Auntie Mary.
5.30 THE PALAIS ROYALE ORCHESTRA AND SINGERS — A Programme of Show Tunes.
6.00 FRIDAY REQUESTS — Presented by Ron Ross.
6.30 CALPYSO QUARTER — Featuring the "Trio Los Rediffusion".
6.45 THE ARCHERS — An Everyday Story of Country Life in England.
7.00 REMEMBER? — Reminiscing Through the Years.
7.30 MEET THE BAND — Featuring the Malcolm Lockyers Band.
7.45 HERE COMES O'MALLEY — A Private Investigator who conducts his own private war on crime and criminals.
8.00 B.B.C. NEWS.
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
8.15 DENNY VAUGHAN ORCHESTRA — Canadian Show Case.
8.30 DIAMOND MUSIC SHOW — Featuring the Latest Mercury, Echo, Coral, Imperial and ABC Paramount Best Sellers: Host: Ron Ross.
9.00 THE NAVY LARK — With Dennis Price, Leslie Phillips and John Pertwee.
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
9.35 THE MELBA STORY — Dramatic Musical Biography of Nellie Mitchell starring Glenda Ray.
10.45 LATE DATE — With Ron Ross.
11.00 STOP PRESS — News Headlines.
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND — Light Music.
12.00 Midnight. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" — Close Down.

Today

2.00 pm CANTONESE FEATURE. COUNTERPOINT PRESENTS — "The Prize".
4.20 FAMOUS FIGHTS.
4.35 "MY HERO" — Starring Robert Cummings, Julie Bishop And John Lita.
5.00 CHILDREN'S HOUR — "The Lone Ranger" With Clayton Moore in "Return of Don Ped Ro O'Sullivan".
5.30 "CALVIN'S CORNER" — A Programme For The Children Presented by Calvin Woog; Produced by P. Pun.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "ON SAFARI" — The Travel of Armand And Michael Dennis in Africa.
8.00 PEPPI — COLA PRESENTS "BUMPUS" — Featuring Ron Ross With The Berry Yaneza Group; Produced By John Bow; An R.T.V. Studio Presentation.
8.30 "BOLD VENTURE" — Starring Dane Clark.
8.55 THE NEWS IN BRIEF.
9.00 "THE FOUR JUST MEN" — With Jack Hawkins, Dan Dailey, Vittorio De Sica and Richard Conte.
9.25 "THE FRANKIE LAINE SHOW" — With Connie Haines.
9.50 "LARAMIE" — With Boory Carmichael, Robert Fuller and John Smith.
10.45 "M" SQUAD — With Lee Marvin.
11.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL — News Headlines, Weather Report And Announcements — Close Down.

Sunday

2.15 pm CANTONESE FEATURE. "LIFE WITH ELIZABETH" — Starring Betty White And Del Moore.
4.10 ROYAL PLAYHOUSE — "Dead Men Do Tell Tales".
4.35 MUSICAL JAMBOREE.
5.05 "THE ROY ROGERS SHOW" — With Dale Evans and Pat Brady.
5.30 CARTOONS.
5.35 SEA HUNT — Starring Lloyd Bridges.
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
7.30 NEWS IN CHINESE AND WEATHER REPORT.
7.35 "MUSIC IN MINIATURE" — Introduced By Charles Harvey; An R.T.V. Studio Presentation.
8.00 "MEN INTO SPACE" — Starring William Ludwig.
8.25 "LOVE THAT BOB" — Starring Robert Cummings And Ann B. Davies.
8.50 NEWS IN BRIEF.
8.55 "THE INVISIBLE MAN" — In "Back Road".
9.20 SUNDAY SHOWTIME — "West Of Zanzibar" Anthony Steel and Sheila Sim.
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL — News

'GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND'—THE TITLE IS OLD, BUT TODAY IT RAISES AN URGENT QUESTION

Why don't we scrap this man's job now?



by
BERNARD HARRIS

READ this advertisement: "Applications are invited for a position of trust. Large car provided. Salary, nominally £2,000 a year but in practice greatly in excess of that figure. Hours to suit the successful applicant. Much scope for foreign travel. Pension and peerage on retirement. Candidates must be of good family, with a first-class university record and a City background. Qualities required are tact, firmness, and an inner sense of superiority over non-City types, especially over members of the Cabinet."

Of course you are never likely to see such an advertisement in any "Situations Vacant" column. But it illustrates what the City is looking for just now. For the job concerned is that of Governor of the Bank of England. Mr. Cameron Frommelted Cobbold is about to retire after holding the governorship for 11 years. And the men of the City are agog over the likely runners for the post.

City's choice

They want to see this supremely important job held by a "banker's man"—someone who will stick up for the City whenever its views conflict with those of Cabinet Ministers and top civil servants. They want, in short, a sturdy fighter for the financial Establishment.

Yet I ask: In its present form, should the appointment be filed at all? Let us see what the job of governor has involved in past years. For centuries the governor was almost an emperor in his own right. Then in the First World War there was Lord Cunliffe.

He sent most of our gold reserve to Canada in case of a German invasion. He refused to allow the Treasury to draw on it to pay for essential war supplies. When the Treasury made the attempt, to quote one account, he "dared to stop the Government's cheque." He handed over the gold to Morgans, the New York bankers. And the outcome? Bonar Law, then Chancellor, backed by Lloyd George, the Prime Minister, forced Cunliffe to resign.

And end?

After Cunliffe had been dealt with by the tough Bonar Law everybody thought that there was an end to dictatorship by the Bank. But no. Before long Montagu Norman came on the scene. Norman, the man with the strange mystique, wielded more power than any governor before him. And no holder of that office made more disastrous decisions than he. In 1940 Socialists nationalised the Bank. Most Tories secretly approved of that measure. Even Churchill, leader of the Opposition, did not vote against it. Now at last, it was thought, things had really changed. Now it was abundantly clear that power rested not with the governor but with the Chancellor.

But what has happened under Cameron Cobbold? Has there ever been disagreement between him and his Treasury overlords on Bank rate and other measures to control the economy? "The Bank," Cobbold once said, "is a very dutiful wife. We offer our advice very freely, as a good wife should, and on occasion I think we have been known to nag. If our advice has not been accepted."

A vivid light was thrown on this during the hearing of evidence before the Bank rate "leak" tribunal. There was the curious episode of the traffic jam on the Embankment when the governor spotted Lord Kindersley—a director of the Bank—in a car alongside his own. Kindersley was invited to change cars to enable further discussion of the Bank-rate increase to take place.

Of course, the Chancellor was consulted while events like this were taking place. But who can doubt that Cobbold was the driving force behind that swingeing increase from 5 to 7 per cent? Consider also events of the last few months. Early this year Ministers were talking of the "wonderful 1959's." They pictured a Britain driving ahead to ever more wonderful peaks of prosperity. But not Cameron Cobbold. He was a wet blanket. In February he urged that the boom should be curbed. Bank lending must be reduced. The spending spree was getting out of hand.

His power

Within two months Mr. Heathcoat Amory, then Chancellor, acted precisely on the lines he had advocated. Firms selling goods on hire purchase were knocked over the head. Banks were forced to deposit spare cash with the Bank of England, so making it more difficult for them to lend. And in June, the squeeze was tightened with yet another Bank-rate rise. So see what this meant for you. Last October there was a General Election. You voted for the candidate whose policy pleased you best. But the coming rise in your mortgage or H.P. payments was not mentioned by any of them—and for an excellent reason. The evidence suggests that the initiative was not with the politicians at all.

It was with Mr. Cobbold. Though politicians promised boom Mr. Cobbold settled for deflation. It is not only in the big things that Cobbold has shown his power and influence. They are seen in small matters too. Last year the authorities wanted to abolish a relic of the Gordon Riots in 1780—that thin red line of Guardsmen who can be seen on any fine evening marching from their barracks to protect the Bank until dawn. Cobbold opposed the abolition on the ground that the picket was of "such historic interest." He won his point.

Relic

Even his official salary of £2,000 a year is a relic of salary fixing in 1892. Rather than have it adjusted to the normal £10,000 a year paid to heads of State boards he has supplemented "at the discretion of the directors" from an internal fund in the Bank. Must it go on like this? Must we still have this antiquated institution dominating our financial outlook? I do not approve of Government interference in private enterprise but no one has ever pretended that the Bank is an example of free enterprise. Over the years its relationship, with the Treasury—since nationalisation, it has become in name no more than a department of State. But the Bank still lives in its own little world. It relies excessively on purely monetary measures to control economic policy.

And I believe it is because of this that since the war we have had such a rough ride towards prosperity. We have gone ahead in a series of jolts. When a boom loomed on the horizon Bank rate has been put up, credit

has been tightened. H.P. controls have been imposed. Then, when production has been cut back, investment has been checked, and jobs have been threatened, the brakes have been taken off. Is it utterly impossible to improve on this stop-go method of running the nation's business? Must we always rely on orthodox bankers who want to put on the brakes whenever we are speeding towards prosperity?

Mr. Peter Thornycroft, who saw the whole sorry business from the inside when he was Chancellor, has said:—"The entire history of the post-war years has been one of overstraining the economy, slamming on the brakes, and then bawling the fact that the car is at a standstill. If we could learn to drive it quietly forward, if we could even refrain from using the accelerator and the brake at the same time—we could have a pleasant and profitable journey."

How can this be achieved? The answer, surely, is by bringing those ancient institutions—the Treasury and the Bank—closer together. The impending retirement of Mr. Cameron Cobbold offers a brilliant opportunity of doing this. Why replace him with anyone bearing the onerous title of Governor? Why not have three Permanent Secretaries at the Treasury—instead of two, as now—and put the third in charge of the Bank of England? Then the Bank would become what it is in law if not in practice—the East End branch of the Treasury. And with its policies completely co-ordinated with those of the Head Office we could look forward confidently to that "pleasant and profitable journey" which successive Chancellors have failed so lamentably to achieve.

—(London Express Service).

LOGAN GOURLAY

HOW TO EARN £5,000 IN ONE AFTERNOON

—AND SURVIVE!

CHAMACO (other names Antonio Borrero) has a remarkable pair of eyes. Brown and bovine in size but angry and bullish in sparkle. He has said he would rather gouge them out than let them show fear. He's a bold, arrogant, flamboyant fellow. A gipsy by birth. A bullfighter by profession.

I don't completely understand the man. But I admire and respect him.

I must rush into my minor un-British moment of truth at this stage and tell you without apology or qualification that I like bullfights. I am also kind to cats, dogs, horses, and canaries.

Bullfights don't appal or disgust me.

They have brought me on the great occasions unforgettable seconds of elemental drama and excitement. They have stimulated me and moved me. Yes, moved me.

Show no fear

I never miss an opportunity to see one. Or to talk to the bullfighters like Chamaco.

I was on holiday in Majorca. He was waiting for the humid afternoon to pass and the corrida to start.

These hours just before the opening parade are an area of sticky, slow apprehension for the bullfighter. But Chamaco looked reasonably, perhaps studiously, relaxed though the eyes were elsewhere—already in the ring on the horns of his first bull.

He said: "It is better not to think too much about the corrida just before. It is better to talk about other things. About women. Pamenco. Money. But it is difficult not to talk about the bulls. It is not that I fear them. If they are brave bulls I respect them. Sometimes I am sad to kill them when they are very brave and noble and well bred."

"The bad bull with little bravery and breeding is the one to fear. To fight him well, to make him charge, it is necessary to take greater risks."

"If I am honest I admit that every man—even I—is afraid sometimes. But I would never let it be seen. By the bull. Or the crowd."

"Fear is degrading. This I know since I am a small boy."

Top six

Chamaco, who was born on a gipsy encampment in Majorca 24 years ago, is now rated by the aficionados as one of the six best bullfighters in Spain. But he can be erratic, raised in performance. When the bulls are inferior he can be contemptuously careless as though he wouldn't deign to test his skill. His style and technique are never strictly classical. He is unconventional, unpredictable, always intensely dramatic. He has been hissed by the crowd but more often deafened by "oles."

His sword and muleta have earned him not only an esteem and affection that cannot be compared to the adulation given to film heroes, but a sizeable fortune.

During the season he uses a private plane to take him round the bullrings where he can earn about £5,000 in an afternoon.

But he said: "I am not a bullfighter for the money. It is not something that can be done only to get rich."

"Or only for the oles. I like to please the crowd and to hear their pleasure. If I excite them, they excite me. If I make them angry, then I am angry and sick."

In the blood

"But I am not there just for them. What I am doing they cannot share and feel all the way."

"I always wanted to be a bullfighter. I cannot say this is why, or that is why. The reason is in my blood. I am proud to be a bullfighter."

be a bullfighter. It is an honourable profession."

I asked him what he thought about the undying criticisms, mainly from the Anglo-Saxons, that it is brutal and degrading—a gory, unequal struggle in which the bull always loses.

He said: "I do not think the bull is losing when my friends are killed. Or when I am gored. These things are said by people who do not know the traditions and meaning of the corrida."

"That is why I do not like fighting here. Most of the people who come are tourists. They do not understand."

He walked off to get ready for his encounter with a ton of angry bullflesh and horn. He was drawn up to his full height, about five feet five and a half inches. Five feet five and a half inches of Spanish arrogance, slinky tradition—and defiant scars.

After he killed his first bull clumsily and badly (it was an ignoble ill-bred beast) an American lady next to me rushed pulselessly for the exit. The Englishman she left behind said: "Shows she's a nice decent type. She's going to be sick."

A well-bred lady unlike the bull.

Smart work

HAUTE couture has arrived in Majorca. It has been brought by Gaby Young, who was London's leading model a few years ago before the word got slightly shopsoiled. She also ran a model agency and worked for Dior.

But she married an American James MacKinnon, turned her long back on modelling, and went for an extended holiday to Majorca where they had met.

After two lotus-eating years they grew restless, opened a boutique. Now it has grown into a salon employing 50 and offering the Gaby collection. She is taking a new collection to New York soon and then to London. But she said:—"Nothing would induce me to live in London again. We have the perfect life here. A villa by the sea where we can lunch on the terrace even in January and then back to my work which I love."

She is already raising fashion standards among lady residents—and some visitors. Though her achievements are not always noticeable among the thousands of imported English shorts that look like shipwreck distress signals, and socks that look like the sails of a windjammer billowing in a full gale.

PRINCE RAINIER and his Princess Grace stopped in Majorca during their cruising holiday. The manager of a night club they visited asked his orchestra leader to play the Monaco National Anthem in their honour. The orchestra played—"La Marseillaise." The prince was diplomatic. He made no complaint.

Rock bottom?

I TRIED a little skin-diving on this trip. I saw fish that I never knew existed, but which looked strangely like people who, I regret to say, do exist. I also brought something up from 30ft. down in the clear green depths of the Mediterranean which I never expected to find there:—

A flat tin box containing three warped Elvis Presley 78 r.p.m. records. I dropped it straight back to its rocky grave.

I BRING you a frightening small ad. from the Majorca News, "the island's weekly in English":

"Why not strike a new note at your next party? Hire a couple of genuine Beatniks to entertain—and amuse your guests. This is the new rage in America and they can be obtained here. Apply Box 92..."

A la carte

THE waiters and barmen in most Majorcan hotels are an enterprising lot, to whom the guests are grateful—if not always for the food.

They can provide guests with a wide range of merchandise not listed on the menu. I have been offered at keen prices a German alarm clock, a Japanese transistor portable radio, a Swiss watch, a box of Havana cigars, and as many American and English cigarettes as I can smoke. The cigarettes come in cartons at 140 pesetas (about 18s.) for 200.

All nicely wrapped to foil. And freshly smuggled.

PUZZLE, which the big airline monopolies—like B.E.A. could answer but won't: how do they justify £40-odd for my return fare to Palma when the travel agencies can offer a full holiday including air fare and hotel for the same price?

Up they go!

LAND and property values are booming here as elsewhere. Four years ago when I was in Majorca last I could have taken my pick of attractive villas near the sea for about £1,000. This year I was shown one with six bedrooms, three bathrooms. It is well-appointed, but has no outstanding luxury features. The asking price: about £30,000. Jimmy Patino, the South American tin millionaire, has built himself a magnificent villa not far away, with heated swimming pool and all the amenities. I am not brave enough to estimate its cost.

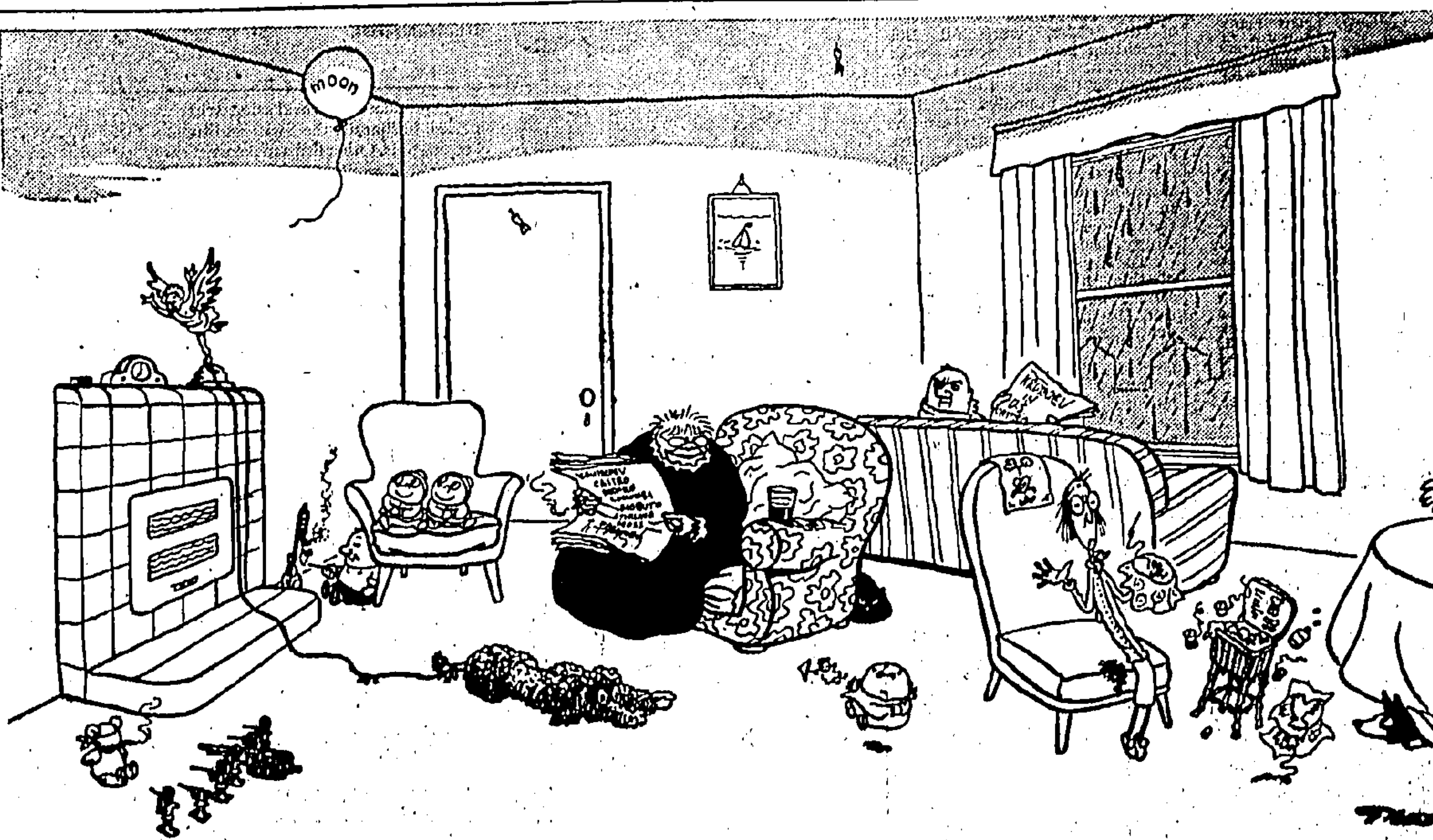
F.S.—As yet Charles Clore does not own a building on the island. Not even a beach hut.

Last Flynn

SINCE Errol Flynn died last year his £35,000 yacht the Zaca—which floated many parties—has been lying in the harbour at Palma, Majorca. No one seems to know exactly who owns it now. And no one is being bold enough to claim it. But there are reports that Patricia Wynne, his widow, is arriving to take possession. She should hurry. It's beginning to look sad and decrepit. And it's beginning to list to port. As though it were mourning—and emulating—poor old Errol.

COST Comparison (or why water seldom passed my lips). Price of Spanish champagne per case of 12 bottles (lowest grade but dry and drinkable): 28s. Price of one tank of fresh water: (supplied to hotels and villas, many of which use piped purified salt water): £2.

—(London Express Service).



"With all UNO playing short in New York it's a fine opportunity for Rod China to take over the world."

London Express Service

★ ★ ★

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

MAUREEN OWEN REPORTS:

A completely new trend

MAXINE AUDLEY AND DEBORAH, THE SIX-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER WHO GIVES HER SECURITY. "ACTING IS SUCH A VERY INSECURE PROFESSION."

Leave in the long words, please

I HAVE nothing to say against the new trend in "Read it yourself" stories for young children. It helps them with their first pre-school phonetics, ignoring the old alphabet teaching and using very simple words.

What does alarm is the new trend in books for six-year-olds upwards, which boast of only using a limited vocabulary. In America, many children's books publishers employed a team of editors to take all the big words out of manuscripts, and substitute one or other of the 400 or so small words which six- or nine-year-olds are supposed to understand.

Crippling

Though not so organized in England the same thing out of all odd, interesting and grotesque words is beginning to cripple modern junior reading. All the children I know love the occasion of jawbreaker. And Beatrix Potter continues to sell and sell despite the Pigeon Post who felt "decidedly soporific after eating too many lettuce."

Nostalgic

I can scarcely wait to resurrect my nostalgically-kept Messrs. Grimm and Anderson, who wrote about the Prince and the Princess who do such interesting things.

Greatest lack of all is that most modern and most interesting in the children's market. In the past, Dickens, Thackeray and Browning have been generous to the young. They were repaid, too.

For a really local and faithful reader, try a child. If the first volume goes down well, the rest of the set will follow.

G. S. Lewis and John Pudney have made a success of children's books, so how about a rattling good adventure for boys, by Hemingway or Ian Fleming, and a tender tale for girls by Iris Murdoch?

Just a little word sifting, perhaps?



TIME was when the actress remained a mythical "Miss" throughout her career and courtships, and children were thought to be an ageing encumbrance and definitely de-glamorous.

Such theatrical children that appeared were kept in short socks indefinitely and developed very bad complexes.

Now it's all different. They all want to have babies. Borden, Noelle Adam, Elizabeth Taylor, Jayne Mansfield, and Audrey Hepburn to name just a few. Mostly they introduce themselves as "Mrs" at parties and shops, reserving the "Miss" for publicity and restaurants, which is fair enough.

Actress Maxine Audley, mother of six-year-old Deborah, has a theory about it all.

"The world is such an insecure place at the moment and acting is such a very insecure profession that I think we feel the need to tie ourselves to a solid background. Look at all these pop singers having large families and buying big houses."

Takes over

ALTHOUGH the idea of producing children in order to give yourself security instead of being a little bit about why, and when I'll be back—and I don't say a few days when I mean three weeks. That way I think confidence grows.

"I simply don't believe that it's necessary for a child to be miserable during the first days in school, if you take a bit of trouble—preparing the ground beforehand. When Deborah started at the French Lycée, at the age of four, I asked special permission to take her round beforehand."

Late from lunch, Maxine Audley—most unreluctant of actresses—crept guiltily back to rehearsal.

"One good thing about being an actress mother," she whispered in the wings, "there's always a producer or someone to take you down if you misbehave. Always issuing the orders at home does make you bossy."

Maureen Cleave reports from the Food Fair in London—that:

Not ALL French kitchens are gadget free

TUCKED away in Mr Therm's stronghold at the Food Fair in London I found dark-eyed, elegant Mademoiselle Annie Plantureux.

She and her colleagues moved about the French stand in the sort of outfit that even an apron looks good on.

Not for them the swathed skirts or funny hats of national costume favoured by some of the other domesticated visitors—instead, simple green tweed suits specially designed for them by Carven.

They were a pleasing, unflustered sight, breathing no hint of sink or stove worries.

Croque

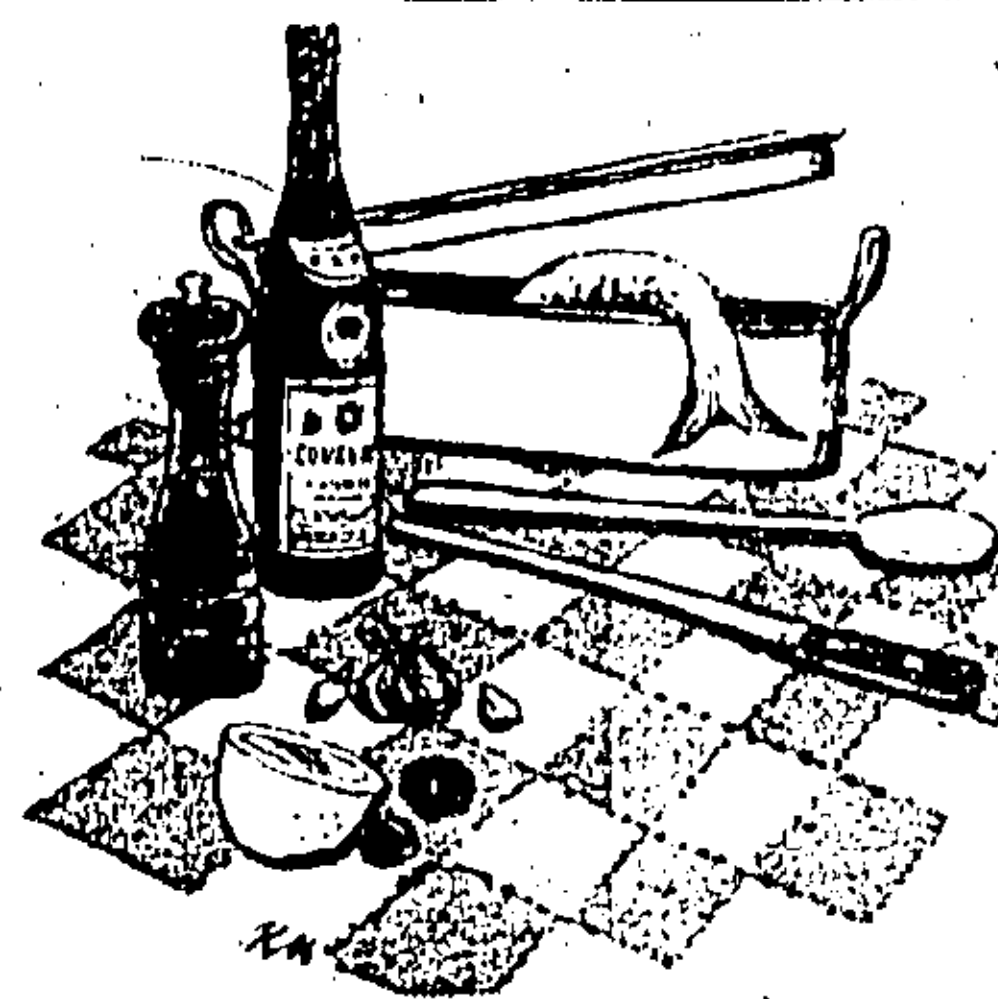
Monsieur

THESE little fried cheese sandwiches are for a light snack, or in smaller portions, for cocktail snacks or a savoury. Trim the crusts from sliced bread. Mix grated cheese with a little cream or thick white sauce to a nice spreading consistency. Spread each slice with this.

On half of these slices place a thin slice of boiled ham to fit, and cover with the remaining half.

Press them together, dip them into suitable pieces, dip them into beaten egg and fry them on both sides in butter or vegetable oil.

Serve them as a main dish with a nice creamy white sauce flavoured with grated cheese. For a more substantial sandwich add sliced tomatoes, first quickly cooked in a little butter, and a layer of cooked mushrooms.



HERE IS MADEMOISELLE Annie Plantureux in the French kitchen at the Food Fair. Elegantly suited by Carven, she concocts something delicious in a copper mixing bowl—a utensil much beloved by the good French cook. She leads a formidable team of lady demonstrators but is still foxed by English cooking—she describes it as a curious melange.

SOME OF THE THINGS you need if you cook in France—an elongated fish kettle, a flat wooden spatula, and a long, sharp butcher's knife for cutting escalops.

I thought Mlle. Plantureux might have been a little unhappy in her bijou kitchen, festooned with modern aids to cooking, but then I always imagined French kitchens aglow with simplicity and copper saucepans.

Not a bit of it. French women are now hoarding every conceivable kind of gadget.

Mlle. Plantureux gave me a list of basic utensils indispensable to the French cook.

No chipping

CAST-IRON casserole (essential for long, slow cooking) covered in pastel shades of vitreous enamel in the Colortone range.

"Look," said Mlle. Plantureux, "the lid on the bowl with a triumphant walloop, 'it doesn't chip'."

Rough pottery dishes for making cheesy delicacies. French boxwood mixing spoons which are flat instead of rounded—the point of curved ones escapes Mlle. Plantureux. Something which she considered essential to the fatless cooking of steak—a flat bit of metal which goes on top of the flame, with a groove round the edge to collect the juices.

"What I mean," she said helpfully, "is a Scottish griddle. A modern version can go under or over the heat."

I ought to mention the enormous range of French fireproof china, which can be placed on the table straight from the oven without loss of beauty or efficiency.

One of the two things Mlle. Plantureux likes to have around is a "cul de poule".

"Oh," said Mademoiselle gaily, "in English the name is horrible." (The only translation

I can submit is chicken's bottom.)

It is a copper mixing bowl which looks like a large football cut in half. "Copper is still best in the kitchen," said Mademoiselle. You can stir things in them over the heat—recherche delights like Zabaglione.

The other thing is a Poiss-nièvre or fish kettle. These are narrow and rounded at the ends and are from 12in. to 36in. long. In these you blanch your trout alive or cook the largest salmon. The inside, with a perforated base, lifts out, letting the moisture drain away and leaving the fish intact.

My heart warmed to Miss Spader. The most up-to-date thing in my kitchen is a coffee strainer.

Actually her ideas weren't as simple as all that. What they boiled down to was this: have all your gadgets tucked on to one machine.

Miss Spader is very keen on rotisseries. "Men," she said warmly, "are crazy about a turning spit."

I DISCOVERED Miss Margaret Spader in the American kitchen obscured by enormous

Too crowded

in the light of a communication received today.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): Don't despair if you do not seem able to handle a very difficult person. The right approach will eventually be found.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): Chance a small risk today if you are convinced that your plan points generally in the right direction.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): A person of the opposite sex will influence an important decision you have to make, and you will be grateful for the intervention.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): Leave your business problems at the office and don't worry your family unduly about them.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Don't be too upset over your inability to arrange a meeting with a dear friend who always seems to be otherwise engaged.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named JOYCE may have some special significance.

LEO (July 22-August 21): A decision you made recently may have to be changed

in the light of a communication received today.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Thanks to the assistance of a member of your family, you will be able to finish a strenuous task with a minimum of strain.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): You will receive a most encouraging letter, which will give you definite hope of an early improvement in your income.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Take a firm stand today with a person who always wants to have things his own way. He will respect you more in the long run.

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LEFT: The famous atomic scientist Dr Robert Oppenheimer pictured on arrival at Kai Tak last Sunday.

ABOVE: Group picture taken during a luncheon party given in honour of several visiting Members of Parliament at the Peking Restaurant. The hosts were the General Committee of the Federation of Hongkong Industries.

RIGHT: Pictured at the opening of the Canton Trust and Commerce Bank's Shamshuiipo branch recently were (l-r) Mr Y.N. Lee, Mr P.H. Chan, Sir Tsun-nin Chau, Mr P.Y. Lee, Mr Y.C. Au, Mr H.W. Chan and Mr Louis Kai Hing.



ABOVE: Writing in their votes are members of the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce during their election of officers recently.

ABOVE: Mr D.J.S. Crozier, Director of Education, addressing the gathering at the presentation of educational equipment to a new roof-top school at the Wong Tai Sin Community Centre.

ABOVE: Mrs A.R.L. Butler pictured presenting a prize to one of the winners in last Saturday's Hongkong Sea School aquatic sports held off Stanley Beach.



ABOVE: Mr S.E. Alleyne addressing the gathering at the opening of the Kaifong Primary School, situated on the roof of Block E in the Tai Hang Tung Resettlement Estate.

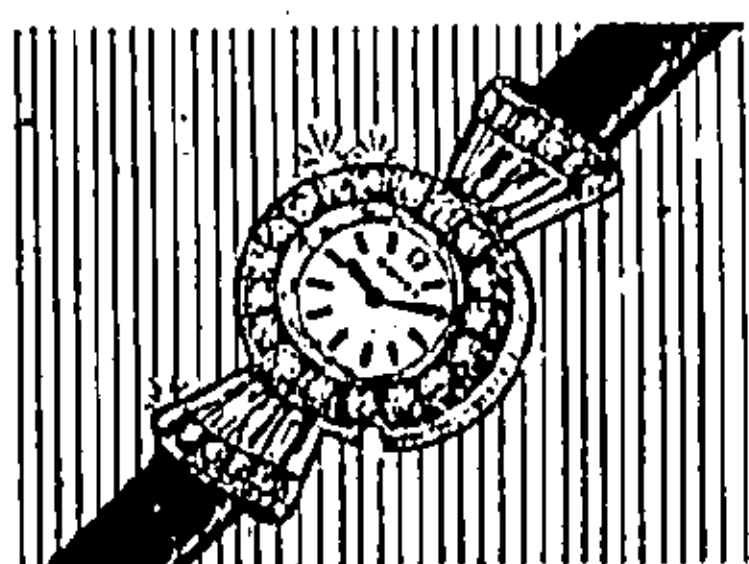
ABOVE: Mr R.A. Bates, retiring Commissioner of Registration of Persons Office, and Mrs Bates seen at centre shortly before they left the Colony for the United Kingdom by the ms Hannover.

ABOVE: Mrs J.R. Gregg (centre) and Mrs Eileen Mak (left) seen greeting Lady Black at a Hongkong Women's International Club party recently.

ABOVE: Mr Tan Khak-song, manager of the Chi Yu Banking Corporation (right), seen presenting a prize to Mr Liang Sik-man during the Chinese Bankers' Club swimming gala at the Victoria Swimming Pool recently.

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ABOVE: Group picture taken at the presentation of the table tennis "Trench Trophy" to the Colonial Secretariat at the West Wing of the Central Government Offices recently.

LEFT: Mrs R. Firkins (right) presenting the Glover Cup to Mrs E. Brubaker during the Deep Water Bay Ladies Section golf presentation.

The New ...

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★ ★ ★
Weddings
of the
week



LEFT: Mr and Mrs Richard Woo join hands during their St Teresa's Church marriage ceremony. The bride is the former Miss Dorothy Shaw, daughter of Hongkong's film magnate Mr Run Run Shaw (seen looking on at centre).

ABOVE RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Edward Renato de Assis pictured with friends and relatives after their wedding at Rosary Church on Sunday. The bride is the former Miss Pauline Regina Mauricio.

RIGHT: Mr K.S. Kam and his bride, the former Miss Diana Chan, seen with their attendants following their marriage at St Joseph's Church on Sunday.

BELOW RIGHT: Mr and Mrs Ho Siu-wah who were married at the Hongkong Registry on Monday. The bride is the former Miss Lam Yuen-san.

BELOW: Two Hongkong residents who were wed at St Thomas More Church at Swiss Cottage, London, on July 30. They are Mr and Mrs Joseph Wilson. The groom is the son of Mrs G. Wilson and the bride is the former Miss Isolda Ahwee, well-known Colony pianist and daughter of Mr and Mrs G. Ahwee.



BELOW: Mr Y. H. Kiyoshima (right), export manager of the Rodo Medical Company of Japan, arrived recently on a tour of South-East Asian countries. He was met by Mr J. J. Black (left).

ABOVE: The Hongkong-built yacht, the Blue Peter, seen pulling out of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club anchorage prior to its two-year trip around the world.

BELOW: A scene at the "Bring and Buy" charity sale at St John's Cathedral last week.



★
BELOW: Last week the Hindu community celebrated the Festival of Varunadeva, the God of the Sea, at the Kowloon Hindu Temple. The ceremony lasted for nine days. Rice and milk were distributed to some 200 poor children. Pictured is a scene during the ceremony.



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ABOVE: A group picture taken at a dinner given by Mr A. Hillaly (fourth from left) at the Jewish Recreation Club on the occasion of his retirement from the Hongkong Stock Exchange.

★
LEFT: Scene at the American Women's Association party held recently at the Foreign Correspondents' Club: Mrs Norman Turner, President, is seen wearing a hat.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

Fashion Page

continues *I PROPOSE TO DISPOSE OF THIS MYTH*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

by JILL BUTTERFIELD

Nobody here a slave to the clothes clock?



WINTER WHITE in casual guise (but think of it smartened with black accessories for town). Coat in smooth white mock-leather with a weather-proof finish.



WINTER WHITE in evening mood (but think of it for motorring). Fluffy white teddy bear cloth.



WINTER WHITE in town setting (but think of it adding impact to your little black dress).

ARE you still governed by the old, time-worn clichés about clothes? (You know the sort of thing I mean, "the little tweed suit for casual, the little black dress for dressy") Or have you cottoned on to the main fact of fashion: That the best clothes — like the brightest girls — don't stay in one pulse for long.

The great developments in travel have now broken down for good the barrier between here and far-off places, consequently your clothes must be able to cope with a dozen different environments.

★ ★ ★

And the pace of modern living has broken down the barrier between day-time and date-time. Few can afford the kind of clothes that can't do overtime.

The biggest and best buy in every woman's wardrobe is a top coat. And the average woman treats herself to one once every 14 months. (No screams from the hard-pressed housewife—this is a proven statistic.)

But for too many women still sleep with only a dated idea of practicality in mind. They're too busy looking for something that pays safe that they finish up with something so dreary and dated it can never go out to play.

My choice for a coat that plays many parts brilliantly is one of the new winter whites.

★ ★ ★

IT'S MY CHOICE because it really does look equally good bared to the elements or on city streets.

IT'S MY CHOICE because you can dress it up for evening with a minimum of fuss.

IT'S MY CHOICE because above all it's the prettiest thing (bar fur) a woman can wear next to her face. And if I was investing in a touch of mink this winter it would be—no prizes for guessing—white.

—(London Express Service).

PICTURES BY DAVID BAILEY

Veronica Papworth writes that the English consider There's nothing quite like a wet meat pie

"WHAT the British public wants," said the man with the group production manager's label in his buttonhole, "is a NICE WET PIE."

"The secret of our fantastic success is that we can bring one from the deep freeze to the table in 20 minutes."

"You take frozen peas, frozen chips, and an ordinary pie..."

"No, just take them," I begged... but he swept on.

"Put that little lot together and it could be a very dry meal, eh? But just put your fork into one of ours and the sauce fairly oozes out — rich and thick, binding the whole meal together."

"It's WET, see—and that's what's wanted."

"How do we know?"

"Panels—there are testing panels always on the go. And if we want a mass reaction we get in touch with our parent company."

Conceded

"The word goes out and every man who's willing goes home to his wife that night with a pie and a questionnaire."

"Marvellous, isn't it?"

Never having welcomed a husband armed with a pie and a questionnaire, I conceded it could well be.

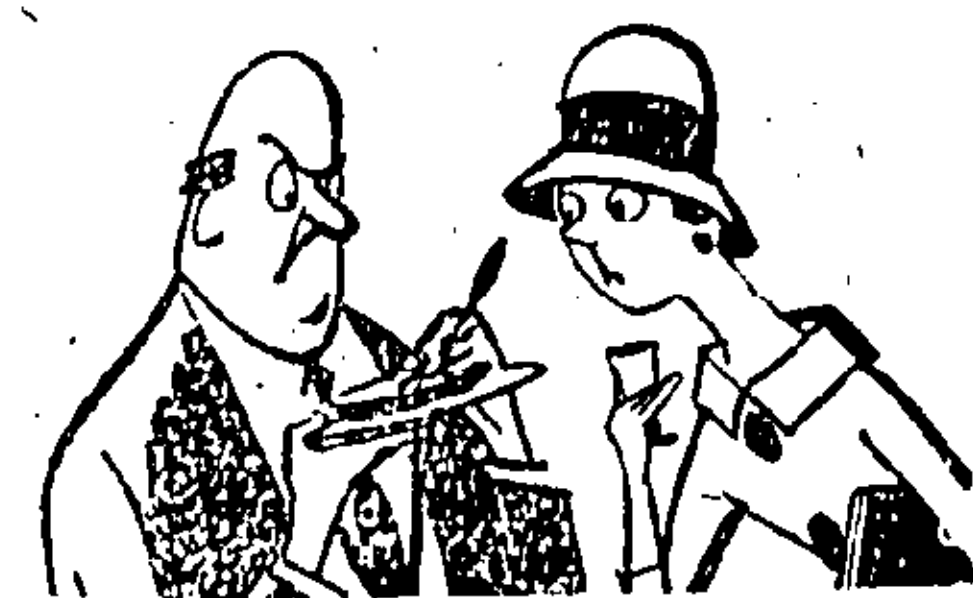
Where did I hear all this? Well, with the usual hush and hush, a frozen pie was being "launched" in the private room of a London restaurant.

Around us, waiters in false whiskers and white gloves dashed to and fro with plates of piping hot pies, peas, and chips.

At one end of the room, against a cardboard mock-up of a Victorian music hall stage, a chap in a bowler hat tinkled away at a tinny piano and a chairman in frilled dicky rose to shout silence for the first speaker.

Rivalled

"The life blood of the frozen food industry," said the speaker, "is still peas."



"But what makes our sales rise is the fact that frozen pies are now rivalled peas—and we have reduced the price of our pies by 4d."

A large, bald-headed man in a beautifully tailored suit, moodily forking up a hot pie from its aluminium container, joined me.

He was not impressed.

"Cutting the price has nothing to do with it," he said.

"Television's made these boys—and I'm not talking about all that darn fool advertising."

"What matters is that here, for a shilling or two, is a potential hot meal without the slightest effort."

"Do the housewife pop it in the oven..."

waits... retrieves it... hands it round and there they are, sitting in the dark, forking it up and 'glowing.' No trouble, no bones and no washing up."

"All they need to know is the way to their mouths."

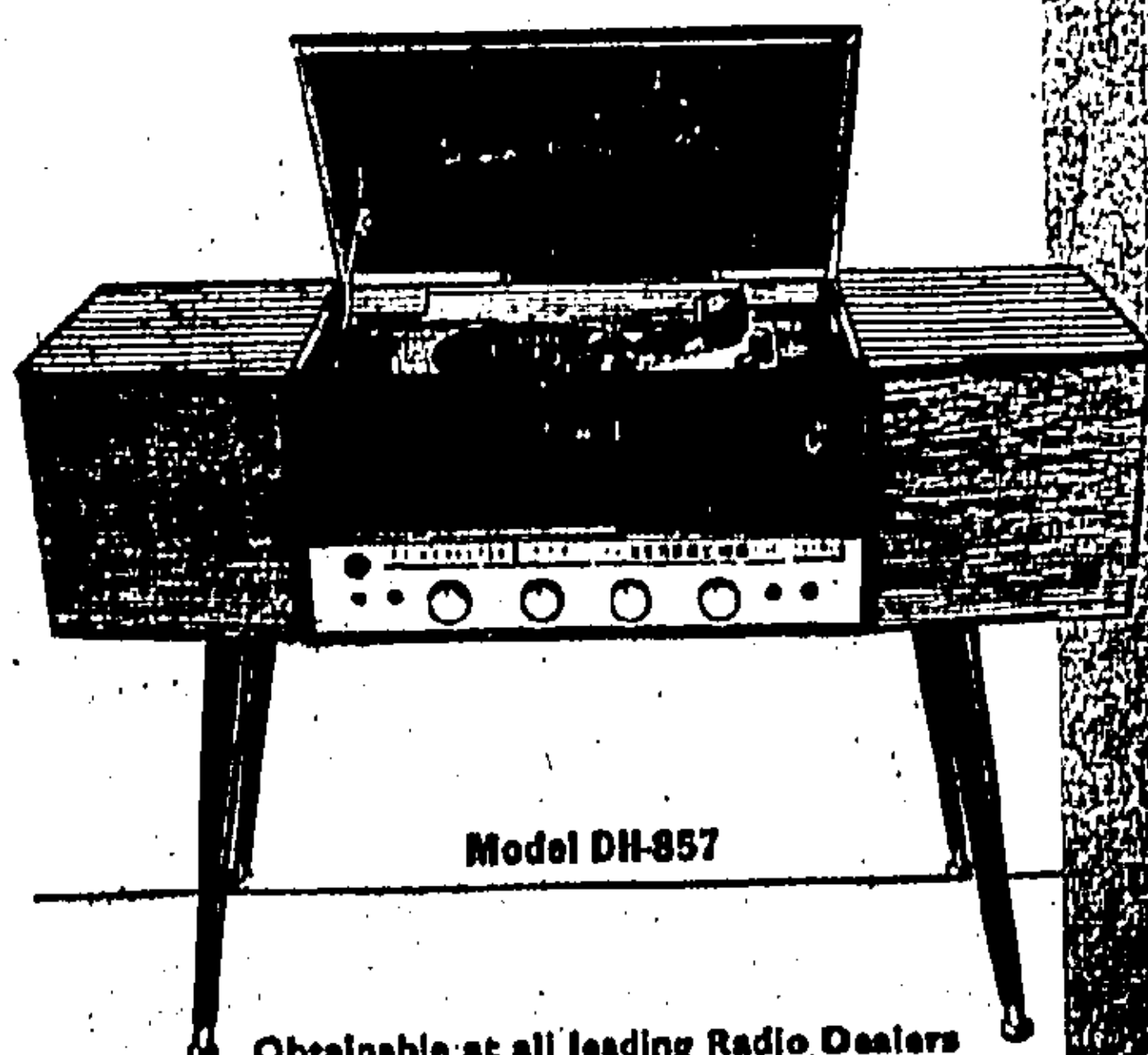
"And they call this 'cooking!'"

He scraped round the edges of his foil container ruminatively—"My old mother would turn in her grave at the thought!"

And a great many grandmothers too, probably?

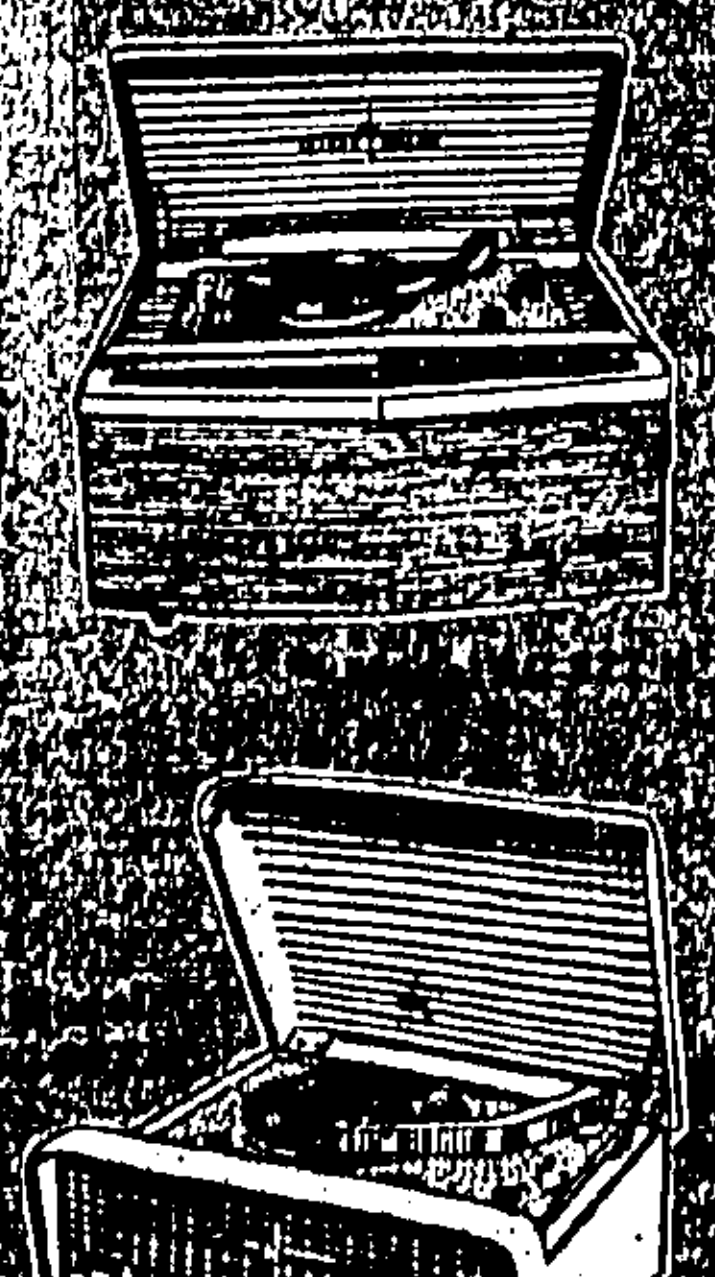
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I'VE just been testing a new diet which should help a good many people. It is a complete food in powder form which contains 900 calories in a day's ration—enough to keep you going without allowing you to become overweight.

It is convenient and easy to follow and, best of all, it takes effect quickly so your success encourages you to keep on. It contains plenty of minerals, protein and vitamins, the things you often miss in other diets, and it satisfies your appetite so you don't have to suffer hunger-pangs.

The food itself is a harmless mixture of milk, soya flour, sucrose, starch and vegetable oils. Its secret is that it has a high-bulk effect and makes you feel you have eaten a large meal when you haven't, and it claimed to be 97% effective.

The powder is dissolved in water to make a bland-tasting drink in a choice of three flavours — chocolate, orange or vanilla. The flavours pull after a time, but at least you can switch them round. Guiltless whether you want to lose a little weight gradually or a lot of weight soon, it is called Metacool.

★ ★ ★

AT last I've found a large-size handbag which will take the shopping and keeps my purse safe as well. It has a miniature version of itself tucked into a kangaroo pocket in the side. In this you keep your shopping list and your money, it will even take your make-up, and it is attached to the big bag by a chain. It saves the bother of diving to the bottom of your handbag for your purse every time you go into a shop.

Philip's equerry finds the RAF has changed

MANY PEOPLE talk about the H-bomb. But there are a few, a little known few, who actually live with it every day of

their working lives. Today begins a series of close-ups of the people handling the biggest problem of our times...

INSTEAD of his medals and gold aiguillettes he wore on his jacket an identity label bearing his photograph and his name: Wing-Commander Henry Chinnery.

In an hour or so the familiar features of the former equerry and private secretary to Prince Philip would be completely obscured by an oxygen mask, head-set, flying helmet and anti-glare visor.

Wing-Commander Chinnery now leads a squadron of the V-bombers, nuclear-armed, of The Deterrent.

"Goodness the RAF has changed," he mused. "The first thing I noticed when I returned to an airfield I had known was that the parade ground had been turned into the airman's private car park."

Since Chinnery was last flying, six years ago, the RAF has changed in another way. I was visiting his squadron, No. 138, Bomber Command, based at Wittering, near Peterborough, to discover how he and his crews live with the most dreadful responsibility yet borne by fighting men.

HUSHED

Now the exact nature of their ultimate duty is perfectly clear to the men who fly and maintain these Valiant bombers. Soon after he arrived at Wittering, Chinnery, his copilot, two navigators and his electronic officer, reported to the Operations Centre. This is a large, square building with high, light rooms, long polished corridors and the hushed efficiency of a hospital.

Two officers then opened a double-locked door marked "Vault" and from a filing system, behind steel doors and combination locks, took weighty dossiers. These were taken to the crew, waiting in a room lit by barred, frosted glass windows near the ceiling.

The officers locked the door behind them and the first of hundreds of hours of "strategic target studies" began. Like all the other crews during their five years in the V-force, Chinnery and his four companions spend much time in that locked room. But once the door is unlocked—from the outside—the subject they discussed so exhaustively is never mentioned.

If the crews ever have to refer to the possibility of a real nuclear strike they simply say, "If we have to go..." The hydrogen or atomic bomb they would deliver is called simply "The weapon."

THE MEN

What effect do these grim secrets have upon the men who must keep it? And what sort of men are they?

Chinnery scanned the names on his aircrew list. The average age was 28, he said.

There was only one Cranwell boy. Only six bachelors. Fewer than half a dozen flew during the war, although a few bombed Egypt during the Suez war.



London Express Service

For the crews it is more than an intricate technical ritual. It is a way of life so all-absorbing that the flight lieutenant, Rushforth can say in all sincerity, "What we have to do is very simple."

Although V-bomber crews are given no political indoctrination there are courses of lectures by authorities on current affairs each winter and in these they are made fully aware of their purpose as The Deterrent. So it was significant that when one officer at Wittering was speaking to me about the possibility of nuclear war he began by saying "If we fail..."

He meant, of course, if The Deterrent failed to deter. And that was him.

TOM POCOCK

(London Express Service)

HE GAVE US 'THE BETTER 'OLE'

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

London Letter

by SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

IT is just possible that some of the younger readers have heard of Bruce Bairnsfather and his immortal "Old Bill" of the 1914/1918 war. Let me admit that for many years I had heard no mention of his name and, indeed, was unaware whether he was alive or had joined the gods on Valhalla.

But as it happened I recently travelled by train through the lovely countryside of Oxfordshire to the town of Worcester where I was to speak at the dinner in the Guildhall given by the Worcester Anglo-American Fellowship in honour of the American bombing squadrons stationed just outside the ancient town.

Here were the tall Americans in their uniforms, accompanied by their smart, pretty wives, drawn from the land of the free and the dollar. If there is to be a next time the Americans will strike with a swiftness that will be like a bolt of lightning.

It was a pleasant and picturesque dinner with speeches that were not too long and a liquid refreshment in the true tradition of hospitality. Then in a single sentence our host sent my mind whirling back to the forgotten years.

"You know," he said, "that Bruce Bairnsfather lives here in Worcester."

"Old Bill?" Bruce Bairnsfather! Which of us who lived through the 1914 war could ever forget those cartoons of "Old Bill"? The phrase "Well, if you know of a better 'ole go to it!" became part of our language. It was so popular

that a revue called "The Better 'Ole" was produced and had a long run. Somehow in the trenches Bairnsfather continued to draw Old Bill pictures that appeared to our joy in the DYSTANDER MAGAZINE.

Then in 1918 came the great peace that was to last for ever. The Kaiser's Germany was prostrate. France was alive again. Communist Russia was a problem, but on the whole life was good and "Old Bill," like the rest of our generation, had returned to the mundane normality of peace.

With these thoughts in my mind I procured Bairnsfather's address, after returning from Worcester, and wrote him a letter inviting him to lunch with me at the House of Commons. He duly accepted and so it was arranged.

Now I would see the incarnation of the early Briton with the preposterous mustache, the warrior who looked like a public-keeper, the comic who laughed at the world. Every author reproduces himself in one form or another and now I would see not only Old Bill but his creator.

As it was a lovely warm day I went on the Terrace and asked the attendant to send Captain Bairnsfather to join me there.

Some minutes passed and the Terrace was becoming populated with various types, drawn out of doors by the warming sun, but there was one who stood rather shyly by himself. He had a quiet, modest manner and seemed rather diffident. But where in the Dickens was Bairnsfather?

Yes, you are quite right. That modest, unobtrusive man with the librarian look was the immortal B.B. trying to find the mortal B.B. who had asked me to lunch. So we made contact, yet not even a glass of mild sherry sent his tongue

wagging and it seemed once more that here was a creative artist who had nothing really in common with the character which he had created. And then suddenly he threw off his diffidence and at my request began the story of himself and his brain-child, Old Bill. Here then is the epic of a man who broke every rule in a success story and acquired a fame which borders on immortality.

His father was Scotch, his mother was English, and he was born in the Himalayas under very primitive surroundings. Eventually returning to England he was sent to the United Services College at Westward Ho. The youthful Bruce was placed about one thing, Rudyard Kipling had also gone to the United Services College. Actually it is an accepted fact that the immortal Kipling used the College as the setting for his "Stalky and Co."

"Bloody good"

"I never dreamed then," said Bruce, "that I would live to see the day when Kipling would come round to an exhibition of my drawings and deliver the verdict: 'Bloody good!'"

But it seems that the Kipling episode was an exception. Bairnsfather was not doing well at school. He kept on drawing quaint little figures when he should have been learning Latin. Worse than that, he drew cartoons of his fellow students. Then one day he was knocked out by a blow to the chin. He made the elementary mistake of drawing a cartoon of the chief bully.

Being a slender and not very tall boy he hated being knocked about in the scum of Rugby. These are his own words: "I looked upon the game mainly in terms of shorting and struggling among a lot of perspiring heads, arms and legs, belonging to comparative and gigantic strangers. I shrank from the sardine-like proximity of all the other heads and bodies. I never cared who got the ball as long as someone would hurry up and get it, and thus end the scum."

But in 1914 a popinjay German emperor with a burning vanity and a shriven arm was about in the scum of glory. Nothing but war and victory could satisfy his craving for glory. Bruce Bairnsfather, who had given up a military career, joined up at once and eventually found himself in a ditch called trench, facing the supermen of Germany.

In the mud and the blood of Flanders the soldier-artist kept his sanity by creating with his pen Old Bill—the moustached

This, of course, is not only the truth but is pure Dickens. Unknown to himself this boy, Bruce Bairnsfather was feeling the sensitivity of the artist. It might have been David Copperfield protesting against the slavery of the bottle works as a boy.

But under the toughness and roughness of the school he was discovering his real self. "My desire to draw and paint remained unabated and I continued to gratify it in and out of doors. With the realisation that even an unknown artist must, at best, be used to sell his drawings for half a crown or five bob to his fellow students which indicates that his fellow students were not lacking in the artist's feeling of pity towards these two coddled orphans of the storm, caught in the fell clutch of circumstance."

£2 cheque

But he wanted to reach a wider public than his school-mates. After many false attempts he executed a design for Player's Navy Tobacco mixture and had it accepted. "My pride and excitement bordered on the income," he said. "I kept that £2 cheque in my pockets for weeks, producing it on every possible occasion, until I thought I had better cash it while it was still intact."

As he had shown no promise in anything else it was decided that he should take up the Army as a career, and eventually his military training came to an end. Swiftly he solved the dilemma of his own judgment and for his own decision. He did not want a sword in his hand, he wanted a pencil. Being an officer the Army offered him security at once. Yet unknown and unsuspected by himself Bairnsfather had created in Old Bill a character which did not disappear when the raucous pipes of peace replaced the hideous discord of war.

Bairnsfather told me of his lecture tours in Canada which are a precious memory to him. Canada took him to his heart and even the Americans were won over with enthusiasm this soft spoken caricaturist with his pen of genius.

Grouser

Like most men of courage Bairnsfather is gentle at heart, and like most men of genius he is modest. This might well be his epitaph in the years to come: "He gave the solace of laughter to the nation even as it shed its blood for the survival of human decency."

He was then 18 years of age.

ONE MAN'S SHOES AND THEIR MESSAGE FOR MANHATTAN

A GROUP of Congolese sat down confidently at the table of an hotel in Luluabourg, capital of the Kasai province in the heart of the Congo. They were celebrating their newly-won independence: their clothes were of good quality, they wore expensive watches, and their huge brand-new American limousine waited grandly outside for their return. It was only when the men began to spread the butter with forks and spoons that people looked a little closer. Then it was observed that one diner wore shoes of different colour.

by DONALD SEAMAN

One of the ladies at the table wore only a corset brassiere above her waist, setting a new and startling fashion.

They were in fact just another lot party whooping it up in Luluabourg, the once lovely city built up in our lifetime from the bush and jungle—where today anyone can walk in and help himself to an empty apartment and the contents therein.

The tragedy of Luluabourg and all the Congo is that nothing—absolutely nothing—is ever done in the way of maintenance. Clothes are worn till they fall apart. Cars are stolen and driven till they break down—some cases just till they run out of petrol.

Squatters

Squatters move in to beautiful apartments and proceed to pile a month's garbage outside the door.

Men who were magistrates' clerks a few months ago now dispense

"justice." Fines are imposed without hearing or defence.

The post does not work any more. You cannot send a cable from the post office no matter how much you pay. Buses do not run. The shops are empty. You cannot take a night out and enjoy a cinema show.

The grass is growing in the streets already. A train left to pick up coal four days ago and has not been heard of since. Luluabourg is heading back to the bush—but fast.

In Luluabourg you see men who would never pass a driving test ripping along the boulevards in luxury cars, each one stolen from the Belgians.

by DONALD SEAMAN

You see women, ludicrous as they stumble along in shoes too small for their broad feet and dresses tailor-made for slimmer, European figures.

Thankless tasks

Luluabourg is just a ghost town now with only 200 Europeans left of its pre-independence total of 3,000.

Two men more than any others in the town are playing Canute in this fledgling state of ignorance, trying desperately to get some semblance of normality restored.

They are United Nations Administrator Gustavo Duran, a 53-year-old naturalised American who runs the civil side, and a tough old desert warrior, Tunisian Colonel Bou-Zalane Lashmar, who keeps law and order.

I personally admire both men, but I wouldn't have their jobs for anything—thankless jobs among a sullen population who have been led to believe that with independence you get everything handed to you on a plate.

There is a lot of unemployment and the figure is growing. A lot of bellies are empty already, and unless regular employment is found there will be more—and more trouble. And the fault lies fair and square with the Kasai people themselves. Whatever the woolly Leftists say back home, let me assure you—from on-the-spot experience—they just were not ready for this double-edged sword of independence.

Over the wall

Take the hospitals. Red Cross officials who called Luluabourg last week found all the patients were without food.

Leopoldville.

Why? The Kasai didn't think it was their job to supply it! Take the prisons. They held 1,100 prisoners when independence came. Seven hundred convicts went "over the wall" that night in the biggest prison break of all time, and no one has bothered to look for them since.

Why? Because the Kasai Government cannot feed them. The 400 still inside—and sentenced to hard labour—are getting dangerously near starvation level.

On one day recently they ate nothing at all. Next day someone sent in a cow, which was slaughtered and shared. On another day of this week of varied diet each prisoner was given half an ounce of meat and some ounces of corn-flour. They lie in jail all day and do nothing.

Outside the city limits lawlessness continues. The Tunisians do splendid work, but they cannot be everywhere.

The brigands

Recently, when I moved through Luluabourg calls for help came in from the tiny European population at Mwakela, halfway along the road from Port Francaux to Luluabourg. Local troops—hungry and out of hand and described as plain "brigands" at UNO headquarters—rounded up the Europeans and demanded all their food, clothes, and liquor.

As soon as Colonel Lashmar heard of it he ordered his troops to surround the Congolese and open fire unless they went back to their barracks immediately. They did.

But now can you get into the economy of any country run on those lines?

People who are now in

Manhattan defending

Congo independence will

say: "You can't stop progress."

This is not progress. It

is a whole nation walking

backwards into the bush.

(London Express Service)

BOAC REDUCES FARES

NEW ECONOMY CLASS RETURN FARES FROM HONG KONG
BY COMET JETLINER

ROME	RETURN FARE	HK\$5,500.80
GENEVA	RETURN FARE	HK\$5,875.20
ZURICH	RETURN FARE	HK\$5,875.20
DUSSELDORF	RETURN FARE	HK\$5,932.80
FRANKFURT	RETURN FARE	HK\$5,932.80
LONDON	RETURN FARE	HK\$5,990.40

EVEN LOWER FARES BY NEW BOAC Skycoach

BOAC Skycoach services are available at limited frequencies between Hong Kong and London (HK\$4,982.40 return). These fares will only be available to residents of the U.K. or of the territories overseas concerned, and only for journeys entirely between these territories.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

AT KITCHENER, Ontario, Magistrate A. D. Barrow ordered erring driving instructor Perry Gardiner, charged with failing to report an accident, to "write out in longhand every word of the 107-page Highway Traffic Act and Regulations."

★ ★ ★
EPSOM Young Conservatives scored a 92-18 victory over Leatherhead Young Liberals in a debate on "This House would welcome the return of a Liberal Government."

★ ★ ★
RECORD CORNER... a chicken belonging to Mr H. R. Mutton, of Gravesend, has laid an egg weighing eight ounces. After 61 years Mr William Deacon, 69, has retired from St Andrews church choir, Deal... Six years ago Mr Tom Caister, of Rye bought a packet of seeds and started a cacti collection—now he has 300 species... Standon, Beds., schoolboy Michael Brown, 14, landed an 18½lb. carp at Henlow.

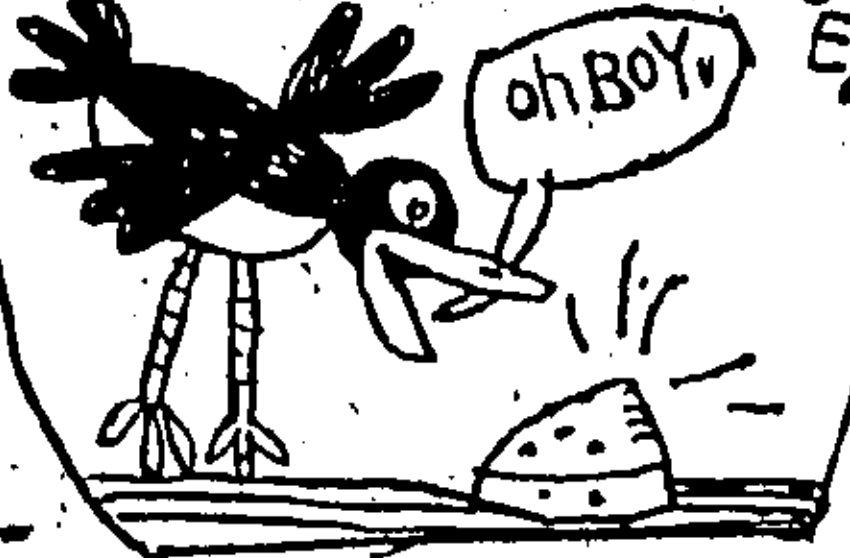
(London Express Service).

JACKY'S DIARY BY JACKY MENDELSON Age 32½

Last night MOMMY read me a story called THE FOX & THE CROW



It was all about this LADY CROW who had found a piece of cheese



SHE WAS JUST GONNA eat it when OLIVER suddenly this here FOX came who also liked CHEESE.



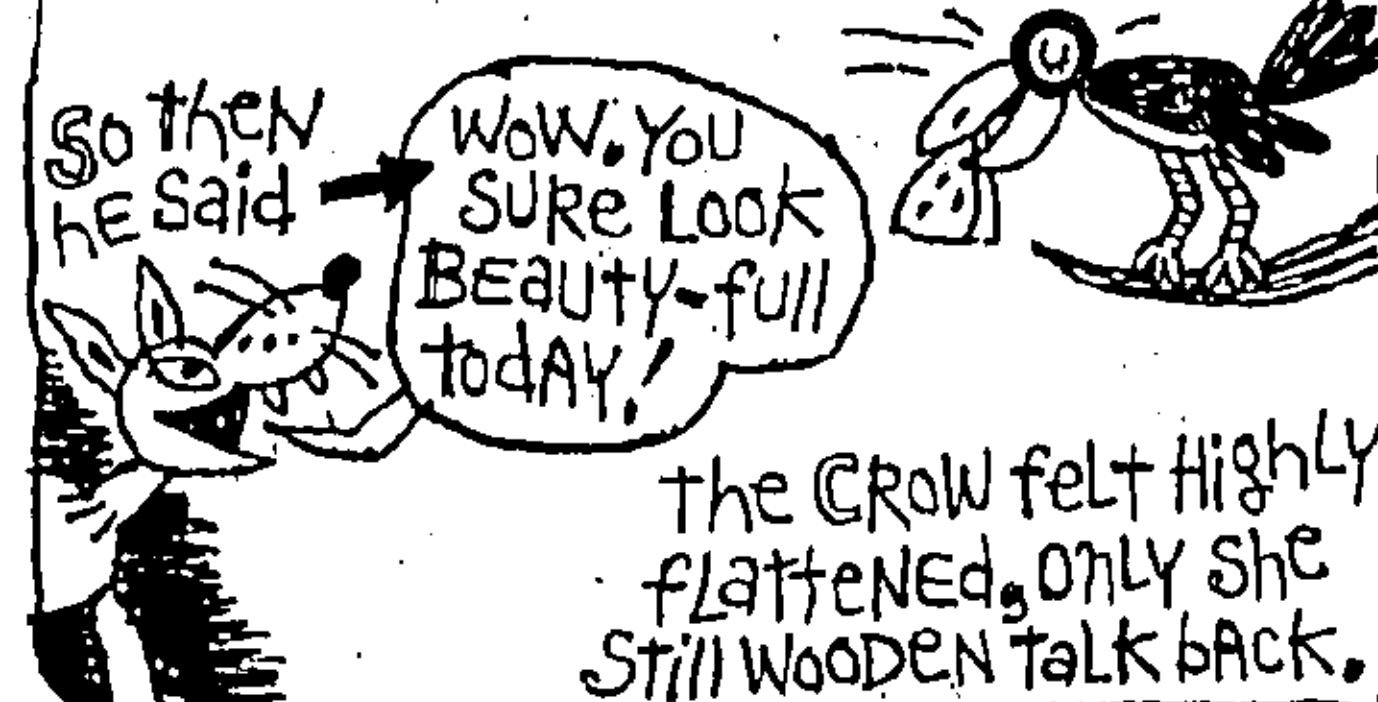
So THE FOX said:



...Only THE CROW didn't answer him.



You see THE FOX figured if he could get THE CROW to open his mouth, the cheese would fall out & he would get it.



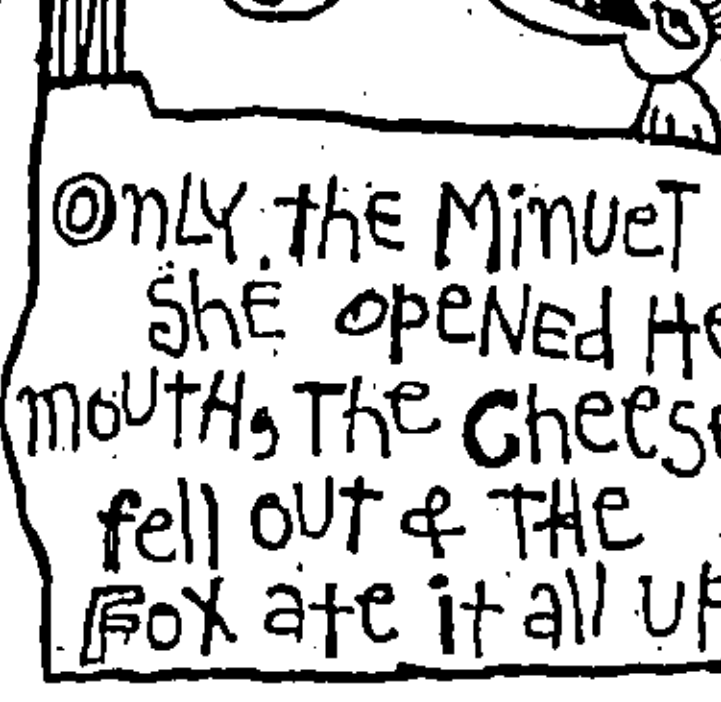
So FINELY THE FOX said: EVERYBODY SAYS what a lovely voice you got, I would love to hear you sing some thing.



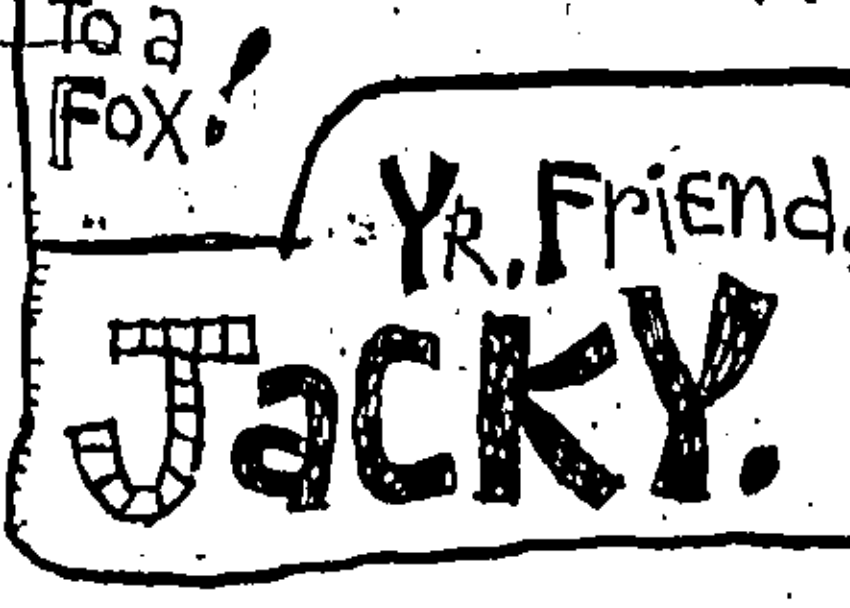
THE CROW WAS so flattened by this remark that she started into singing.



ONLY THE MINUTE she opened her mouth, the cheese fell out & the FOX ate it all up!



THE MORALE of this story is: DON'T TALK with your mouth full of food. ESPECIALLY to a FOX!



... REALLY, THE THING IS LIVING AFTER IT

THIS is a report on the people whose lives are closely linked with the Bomb. Already examined: the men of the RAF who will actually deliver it. Today: the

people who would carry out the rescue work if the Bomb were dropped on us. Some call it Civil Defence. But, as someone says below, perhaps a more correct title would be Civil Aid.

By TOM POCOCK

OVER tea-cups the arts, crafts and hobbies exhibition is being discussed. The Teddy bear in tartan trews Miss Noble made... Mrs Wilson's Dundee cake... the embroidery, "Budgies," by Miss Hall.

Then, more exciting, there is the day trip to Boulogne to chat about. It is a cosy social occasion in Islington.

There is a film show. An American film, in colour. The audience sits silently as a panorama of the Nevada Desert, misty blue in the heat, flashed on to the screen.

But this is no ordinary Western. The ringing voice of the commentator proclaims, "...and now we have a husky, medium-type bomb. Four... three... two... one..."

The screen goes blank white. There comes a tinge of yellow and then in the middle of the screen the burning Cyclops eye of the fireball.

The flame glows darker and the fireball slowly balloons upward over the distant mountains trailing its dirty smoke shroud.

From the back of the hall comes the clicking of a disapproving tongue.

Big problem

So begins a training night at the Civil Defence hut off the Holloway-road. About 60 men and women are there, mostly early-middle-aged, nearly all from the lower income groups.

A Labour councillor, Mr George Barnard, is chairman, the full-time Civil Defence Officer is Major Robert Whyte, a large, bland retired soldier with the right mixture of matronly and authority for his command.

Whyte's present problem is recruiting. There are 100 men and women now enrolled. Of these about 80 turn up once a month for training, 60 have shift work jobs and can only come once a quarter and the remainder seem, temporarily at least, to have drifted away.

How many recruits does he need? "At least 3,000."

At Islington the shortage was put down either to the fact that potential recruits were too frightened of the hydrogen bomb or not frightened enough. There was certainly apathy.

Scores had joined Civil Defence but had only appeared at one or two evening classes and eventually been struck off the list.

"We should not have to make people commit themselves to joining before they have seen at first-hand what we do," said

Major Whyte. He, in fact, tries to lure visitors into the training hut for social evenings, then persuade them later to sign on.

Opposition

Opposition is tough. Mrs Christine Smith, who works in a tax office and has been in Civil Defence for 10 years, told me: "When you say you're in Civil Defence some people tell you to get your brains tested."

"They think that the hydrogen bomb will wipe out everybody and there's nothing you can do about it."

Mr John Gilbert, with 10 years' service, said: "People have that tomorrow-will-do attitude and do not want to learn how to face danger." He thinks recruits can be attracted by "our very strong social aspect."

"We have barbecues and go to ice shows. Last year we went to Calais for the day and now we're going to Boulogne. Training is friendly and we hold competitions with other boroughs."

"When I came to London from Newcastle two years ago," said Miss Olga Hall. "I was a bit of an introvert. I joined Civil Defence to learn first-aid and give me something to think about. I really wanted to become an ambulance driver. But I got so interested I did the warden's training."

The blame

In Lambeth, too, I found the same problems. A rescue squad in steel helmets were clambering about an elaborately ruined training area.

They blamed meagre publicity for lack of recruits—Lambeth has less than a quarter of the manpower required—a n.d. severer said that they had only heard about Civil Defence through friends.

Recruiting is far worse in Central London than in the suburbs. I visited the director of the London region, a retired naval officer. Captain Kenneth

Harkness, who operates from a Nash house overlooking Regent's Park with a portrait of his last cruiser on his desk.

He said his "war duty establishment" was 130,000 which meant that that was the number of trained men and women that would be needed actually on duty at any one time in an emergency.

As most would work in shifts the real total would be much higher. Also reserves would be needed because after a nuclear attack Civil Defence workers would if possible be sent back to relatively safe areas after they had absorbed half the immediately dangerous dose of radiation.

Captain Harkness said his present strength was something over 34,000. He wanted five times that number.

Until 18 months ago recruits under the age of 30 could not be accepted. Now, although the lower limit is 18, there has been no influx of released National Service men and the average age is about 40.

Captain Harkness was—like all his colleagues—surprised and hurt by the violent attacks on Civil Defence by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—CND and CD posters are sometimes seen side-by-side—and the Far Left.

Defeatist

"Civil defence has nothing to do with British nuclear weapons," he protested. "They would persuade our potential enemies to abandon nuclear weapons before attacking Civil Defence. They encourage apathy, a defeatist attitude and exaggerate the power of the Bomb."

"We admit that we could do nothing for the unhappy chaos too near the explosions. Our job would be to help the survivors."

London has been divided into five slices radiating from Charing Cross "each with a chunk of the bull's-eye."

If war threatened, Civil Defence mobile columns would assemble 25 miles from Central London under the command of the sub-regional controller, a retired rear-admiral, major-general, brigadier and two air commodores.

After the attack they would try to move up-wind, away from the main fall-out by the ring roads before penetrating into the ruins with their rescue and medical teams.

But in one respect Harkness and many others agree with those who call Civil Defence "a fraud."

"We obviously cannot offer a defence against nuclear explosions," he said.

"A more realistic name for us would be the Salvation Army."

Up at Islington they agree, "we're not defending anybody," said a warden. "Why don't they call us Civil Aid?"

That this is a useful idea is suggested by the reaction of Dr Donald Super, the Methodist high priest of unilateral nuclear disarmament who told me that he considered Civil Defence "a sheer waste of time, futile, dangerous and unrealistic."

"At best," he said, "it is Civil Salvage."

I am sure Captain Harkness would agree.

(London Express Service).

Shostakovich

DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH, top Russian composer who hates travelling, flew into London the other day on his second visit to Britain in two years.

Last time it was to receive an honorary degree at Oxford. This time he has come to hear the Leningrad Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

He is attending all of his three long-sold-out concerts, when London hears his new Cello Concerto for the first time, and when the Leningrad orchestra plays his Eighth Symphony.

At 53, the Soviet composer has the same sort of leading place in Russia that Benjamin Britten has in Britain. It is also one of Russia's richest men. But it has not always been so. The lot of a composer in Soviet Russia has been a difficult one—depending whether he was in or out of favour with official policy.

Shostakovich, who looks like a worried, bespectacled small shopkeeper, has had more ups and downs than most. After being praised as the bright boy of Soviet music he first fell into disgrace as early as 1930, when a piece of his music failed to please Stalin.

Restored to favour with a Seventh Symphony in praise of Russian heroes during the last war, he was severely rapped on the knuckles again by the Party in 1948 for writing music considered "too complex" for ordinary people. But once again the composer, after a shameful public "confession," climbed back with a handful of "popular" works that cleared him with the officials and left him free to write as he chose.

Yet all the time his reputation in Russia has lagged up and down on a seesaw. It has steadily mounted in the Western world, and Shostakovich has doggedly gone on composing.

Music of all kinds has poured from his fertile mind—symphonies and film music, operas and cantatas celebrating some Soviet achievement or other.

And though to music lovers in the West the music he has written under pressure has often seemed trivial, the rest has carried the spirit of his own true personality and the marks of lasting greatness.

NOEL GOODWIN

(London Express Service).

Answer to a space problem—from the sea depths

BRITISH and American scientists have developed a new way of making metals stand up to the fantastic heat and strain of space travel. It calls for underwater blasting.

The basic metal, or alloy, is put in a die or mould. A small charge of TNT or nitroglycerine is inserted in the centre. Then, in the bottom of a pool, the charge is exploded, flinging the metal outwards into the shape of its container at speeds up to 500 feet per second.

The result has been compound metals harder and tougher than any yet known to man. No welding is needed—the complete component is in the right shape, correctly stressed.

Prettier

STAINLESS steel can now be made in pretty colours. Black, brown, red, green, grey and blue—all have suddenly become possible thanks to a new technique of painting a chromium-based material on to the steel, then baking it at high temperatures.

Who wants coloured steel?—Housewives, for matching sinks and appliances. Motorists, for car fittings. Furniture manufacturers and builders.

But it may be several months before samples reach the market, so don't rush to your dealer.

Cautious...

TWO British professors, a dental surgeon and a doctor will fly to America shortly to investigate the toothpaste with the built-in fluoride.

The American Dental Association has accepted the new product. They say it has been proved to be an effective anticaries dentifrice.

But Britain, with three experimental schemes to add fluoride to water supplies as yet unfinished—and a measure of

The World
of Science

by Peter
Fairley

Caviare crisis

BLACK caviare may become still more expensive and rare. The huge dam, power station and dyke building programme undertaken by the Russians along the Volga has had unexpected repercussions on caviare-catchers.

Certainly, if the toothpaste proves all it is made out to be, it would be one answer to critics of mass-fluoridation.

This hardens, forming a heat shield-cum-spongy-cushion. No one has yet revealed whether the clinging plastic is easy to strip off or if the astronaut wears it for life.

Another type of "cocoon" is being tried out by the Americans air force—for returning astronauts.

It consists of a plastic "oversuit" which the flier wears over his normal space suit. Attached to it are tanks of foaming plastic and a mixer.

Idea is that the baled-out man pushes a button, inflates the "cocoon" and fills the airspace between it and his body with the foam.

Now they are drafting plans to build still more dams—so that what they might be going through.

Albert Finney's Secret: 'Suddenly I couldn't act any more... then I left my wife and baby'

By PETER EVANS

A LOT has been written about Albert Finney since success came to him recently for his performance in the play "Billy Liar."

What hasn't been said is that a year ago Finney suddenly found he couldn't act any more.

The bright talent which made him Sir Laurence Olivier's understudy at Stratford before he was 23 suddenly went out. And the other night for the first time Finney talked about the past year of year and failure. The fear that he would never be a great actor. The failure of his marriage to Jane Wenham.

His nails bitten down to match his heels, Finney slowly picked out his words like a man piecing together a difficult jigsaw.

"Well, I'd been getting good notices. Then, I don't know, something happened and I couldn't act any more. I couldn't relax. The whole business became painful."

"I felt I was in a cage. So I escaped. I left time and the baby, Simon. That's his name, Simon. He's nearly two. I left."

Finney stood up. "I will have a drink." He poured a Scotch and laid himself on a couch, the way one imagines people do when they're talking to their psychiatrist.

"It was like having claustrophobia of the soul. Personal relationships drain me and rob me of my concentration and aim and drive and everything. I mean I'm very selfish. I demand a lot of attention and warmth and love. But I'm no good at giving it back. It was like that during rehearsals. I'd find myself thinking about some stupid domestic problem and get angry and resentful. Gas bills, coal bill, laundry bills. Everybody has them. But for me they're too much. They defeat me."

His anger

Finney lifted himself on to his elbow and sipped his drink for pleasure or consolation, I know not which.

"Well, now I've had good notices. I'm a success of sorts. But what do I think now about having Jane and Simon?"

He stood up and walked to a mirror as if to check that it was really he talking.

He said: "I've been so busy going through my own private hell, remembering the feelings of anger and sadness and everything, storing the experience for future use as an actor, that I haven't had time to think what they might be going through."

He turned away from himself and sat on the sofa again. "When I'm old," he said, "I'd rather be sorry for what I've done than what I've not done." Then, almost before he had finished, he said: "Kids are funny things, aren't they? You know Simon. When I visit him I get the feeling he can see right through me. It's awful. I was thinking the other day, if I'm not going to be his father 100 per cent, he's not going to be as I would wish. And that's sad."

"But this is me, you see. There's nothing I can do about it. I'd just drive myself round the bend trying to cope, trying to be a proper father."

His fear

I said: "What worries you most at the moment?" Finney smiled for the first time in almost an hour. He said: "My biggest fear is that I won't be able to justify my attitude. 'May be I'm not such a good actor after all.'"

(London Express Service).

TALKING POINTS

Nature is God's Old Testament.

—THEODORE PARKER.

Every woman is at heart a rake.

—POPE.

Manners require time. Nothing is more vulgar than haste.

—EMERSON.

Holliness is an unfeeling of ourselves.

—F. W. FABER.

Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.

—H. G. WELLS.

Aim above morality. He not simply good; be good for something.

—THOREAU.

(London Express Service).

I FOUGHT the MAN-EATERS

by
Ivan Cameron
World-wide traveller, and
author of more than 200
stories



THE Dhak flowers, red as blood, had bloomed—the time for the man-eaters was at hand, still we were surprised when not one, but a whole family of man-eaters swooped down on us. And then...

I heard the thunderous roar of a tiger; then the scream of a woman! There was a moment of silence in which only the drone of insects was audible in the sweltering Indian noontime. Then an angry horror burst over the village, men shouting, women wailing, dogs howling.

Sahib Victor Rosner plucked a .405 rifle and a 12-bore from the gun cabinet. He thrust the shotgun and a handful of shells at me. I knew the cartridges were loaded with 1,000-grain British Rhotex slugs, one of the greatest short-range shockers in the world.

Witchcraft

"Man-eater in the village streets," he said, moving fast. Shouting and jiggling like Comanches on the warpath, the Adibasi aborigines led us to a hut within 40 yards of the towering forest.

"She was sitting here pounding millet," said Maghi, a muscular, battle-scarred black and Sahib Rosner's best 'shikari'.

The 17-21 Club's five rules

- Membership in the 17-21 Club is open to all within that age group.
- Contributions and all activities of the Club will be limited to members only.
- Contributions may consist of anything that is publishable — articles, letters, stories, photographs, drawings, verses. But only the best will be printed.
- All contributions MUST be original.
- Written contributions should not consist of more than 350 words, photographs and drawings will only be accepted in black-and-white.

MEMBERSHIP

Fill this in and send it to the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

Name
Age
Occupation
Address

"The people say the 'lakla' is devouring her soul."

Here it was again—a superstition that is remarkable for its persistence among primitive tribes. Although Vic Rosner, as Jesuit Priest, and 'Zemindar' (manager) of the Rengarh forest estate was teaching these tribals Christianity, he has yet to drive out the dark, lurking witchcraft.

With Maghi doing the tracking, we followed the tiger's trail for two miles. Then we found the place in a grove of mango trees where the cat had paused. The spoor led upwards from jungle green cathedrals—up rocky, almost barren slopes.

We fought our way up huge rock slides. Half way up, I focused my binoculars on the highest ridges, and there stood the tigress in regal silhouette with two smaller tigers beside her.

We reached the top by late afternoon. Blood-red the sun, and the whining winds of the early monsoon slammed us against the mountains. Soon a deluge of rain would hammer the land. But Maghi had tracked the tigress to the exact cave, and he also reasoned that she counted on a way out. He spread several men around the ridge. They found a narrow opening on the opposite slope, and sealed it with boulders.

Fire arrows

The Adibasis were ready. They clustered around Vic, devoutly addressing him as "Lamba Sahib," (the tall white-man) for he is six-feet-four; and I was "Chota Sahib," the small and relatively unimportant one.

"Chota Sahib will kill the 'laklas,'" Victor decided, favouring me with a grin that I shall always remember. "But first we will shoot some fire arrows into the cave to bring the animals out."

A barrage of flaming arrows whistled into the cave. I gripped the Walter-Locke 12-bore and walked toward the deep, black hole in the mountain. I was on my own, committed to taking first shot at the tigress if she came charging out.

I stopped before the entrance. The acrid smoke and fumes of burning tallow rose in the evening air. I looked around. The Adibasis were ebony statues, with drawn bows and poised spears, waiting. Rosner stood a few yards behind me, with a reassuring smile, his gun cradled over his arm.

I started things off by hurling a rock into the cave. It clattered hollowly against the walls, and we heard a low, ominous growl. Then it was deathly silent. I fired one of the barrels point blank into the mouth of the cave. That did it! I never had a chance to get off my second shot.

The tigress burst from the smoke screen with a snarling roar, and with the blinding

speed of lightning striking the ground. I have never heard such a noise in my life. The raging cat smashed right over me. I heard two blasts from Rosner's .405 and a wild yelling from the Adibasis. I got up dazedly, hurting in every bone and feeling sick.

I was in time to see the two cubs follow their mother. One fell under the arrows and spears, but his twin escaped down the mountainside.

Old monster

The tigress sprawled a few feet from me. The delighted natives were dancing on her carcass and shouting: "Ek dum pakka! Very good!"

Hardly glancing at the slain cat, Vic's first concern was for me. "I say, Chota Sahib, the beast didn't scratch you, did she?"

That relieved things somewhat. No, I wasn't scratched; just half knocked senseless by my first face-to-face encounter with a charging tiger; and it gnawed at my self-esteem during the jubilant return to the village.

We knew that one of the tiger cubs had escaped; and that the male of the family still roamed the hills.

He struck on the third day leaping over the village walls to carry away a child. Two days later, he struck again; walking boldly through an open gate in the Khampong, and pouncing on a young girl in the streets.

Terror gripped Rengarh Province. Fantastic witch doctors exorcised evil spirits, and native drums throbbed when the sun went down. Perhaps the booming drums would frighten the man-eater, but I didn't think so.

Once, during a break in the monsoon, I made my way to the base of the mountain and studied the cave-pitted ridges through binoculars. I saw a strange and intimate scene in the life of the Bihar tiger. There was the huge, old monster playing with his son near the entrance to the den. He was teaching his son to fight, roughing him up, biting him playfully. The range was too far for my gun.

Father Rosner said the surviving male and his son, would become a terrible menace to the entire Bihar district unless we got them soon. There is a tiger on record in Burma with 143 authentic human kills, and others of around 160 kills are reported from India.

We didn't get them soon! Their killings mounted appallingly as the murderous pair moved from village to village. But when the toll reached 20, we had a stroke of luck. The half-grown cub, sprang the trigger cord of a 15-foot bamboo bow set along one of the jungle trails, and was wounded by 'abrin' tipped arrow. Licking

With a roar, the raging cat smashed over me

the wound, he swallowed the powerful plant drug (not a blood poison) and our searching party found him dead a few miles from the scene.

An earthquake

The man-eater's last and most incredible invasion of Rosner's village was again in daylight. An astonished native saw him sitting calmly on his haunches before the door step of a man named Rungu. Almost all of the villagers were in their huts for the 'biari,' or evening meal, and not even the dogs had yet discovered the animal.

When the alarm went up, most of the Adibasis rushed into their court yards, and Rungu, a brass supper plate in hand, virtually stepped into the tiger's arms. He was instantly seized and dragged back into his own domicile.

Within moments, the entire village ringed the hut, and Maithu, a reckless hunter, went in with an axe. He struck two ineffective blows with the weapon, and then retreated, closing the door. The tiger was trapped at last but what of the man?

Rosner and I arrived at the scene in time to hear Rungu's cries for help: "Come, Maithu, come in again. I have already lost a leg, — I still live—come soon—"

Following Vic, I jerked myself up over the eaves of Rungu's roof, and climbed the crackling tiles toward the gable. Clutching my .300 Weatherby. Joined by Maghi and several husky Adibasi tribesmen, we chopped a hole in the roof and peered into the dark interior. We heard a low moan from Rungu, and a defiant snarl from the tiger. Vic saw the tiger's vague outline in the semi-darkness, and blasted with his .405.

The shot failed to connect, and then an earthquake seemed to strike the hut. The tiger leaped repeatedly for our skylight, and after every miss, raced around the walls like a thunderous volley ball. The enraged beast realised he had entered his own death cage, and there was no chance for another shot at him now.

Frozen fear

"Maghi, hurry down and let him out through the door," Rosner shouted. "We can't shoot again because Rungu may still be alive. And if you — Chota Sahib — would station yourself in the street below—we'll centre our fire and get him as he comes out."

Vic crawled to the edge of the low, sloping roof, his gun pointed over the eaves, and I set up shop in the court yard. I had an overturned bullock

cart for refuge in case we all missed on that first charge.

A breathless hush gripped the village as Maghi stole up to the hut, slipped the chain, pushed the door inward, and flattened himself quickly against the wall, his spear poised. The hut was quiet. I watched the silent entrance in never-fingling suspense. I visualised the trapped beast, pacing the dark interior, trying to make up its mind.

Then the man-eating tiger of Rengarh came out roaring. He covered 30 feet in that first bound, and stopped in the court yard, glaring defiantly at the surrounding horde of humans.

Puny human

His flaming amber eyes fixed on mine. I was the nearest object barring his way—a puny human who dared challenge his terrible powers. I had hated and feared this merciless killer, but I must admit he was magnificent. My rifle was at my shoulder, the stock biting into my flesh, the sights wavering as I stared down the gleaming barrel. Fear froze in my throat.

In that second, the tiger's shattering roar was dwarfed by the thunder of our guns. A bullet from my .300 smashed into his chest as he loomed above me. At that same instant, Vic Rosner blasted him from the rear.

"Ek dum pakka, burra Sahib" (very good, great white-man), the Adibasis screeched joyously, clapping me on the back. I felt weak as a kitten. The 'lakla's' career was ended at last.

is your name
April?

APRIL, A LATIN NAME, MEANS 'THE OPEN'... FROM THE FOURTH MONTH, WHEN THE EARTH OPENS TO THE BLOSSOMING OF SPRING.

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STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

except the cat who had come to Mouse Market for one thing only, a Mouse!

Locks the cat out

"Of course," said Mr Mouse, "that's something I won't let you have, Mrs Cat!"

And he shut the door of the market and wouldn't let her in. "You were right," Teddy said to Knarf. "Mouse Market is the best market I have ever seen. I'm glad Willy took me here."

"I was here before," Knarf said. "But I'm glad I came again."

The Mouse Market

-Willy Toad Takes Teddy On A Shopping Trip-

By MAX TRELL

Knarf, the Shadow Boy and his friend Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, were sitting under the shade of the daisy on the other side of the garden wall.

They had sat in silence for quite a while until Knarf suddenly remembered something and started to laugh.

"What are you laughing about?" Teddy asked.

Remembered something

"I just remembered something that happened last summer," Knarf said.

"I was sitting right here with my sister Hanid, exactly in the same spot where we're sitting now, when Willy Toad came hopping over that garden wall—Knarf pointed to the stone wall at the other end of the field, "and took us to a wonderful market."

"Did he?" asked Teddy. "What kind of a market was it?"

Run by mice

"It was a Mouse Market," Knarf said. "It was a wonderful market, it was run by Mouses, I mean, Mice."

"I wish Willy Toad would come along right this minute," said Teddy. "I'd like to see Mouse Market myself."

At that moment who should come along but Willy Toad! He was carrying a market basket. "Hi, Knarf! Hi, Teddy!" he said. "Come along with me. I'm going to Mouse Market."

You can't imagine how happy Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, was. "Let's go!" he shouted, jumping to his feet.

Knarf goes, too

"I'll go, too," shouted Knarf. "I want to see Mouse Market again."

Mouse Market was down at Clover Clump and Buttercup Ridge. Along the way, they met Christopher Cricket, Glive the Snail, two Fireflies, a Woodchuck and a Duck. They all had market baskets.

"Mouse Market is the finest market in the world," they all said, as they hopped and crawled and ran and wiggled and waddled along. "It's got everything!"

They arrived

A few moments later they all arrived at Mouse Market which was under a big flat white rock.

They all went down a flight of stairs and there they were in a beautiful big supermarket with shelves that ran as far as you could see.

Knarf and Teddy saw that Mouse Market was crowded with customers, all kinds of customers, some with four legs, some with eight legs and some with a hundred legs. Everybody was moving around, filling their baskets with the good things that were stacked on the shelves.

A Robin bought a can of earth worms.

A Snail bought a fresh head of lettuce.

A family of Caterpillars bought a pound of mulberry leaves.

Bought an acorn

Knarf bought an acorn full of maple syrup.

Teddy bought a lollipop with red and green stripes that was so big it could hardly fit into his mouth.

Willy Toad bought blue-bottle-flies, green-bottle-flies, horse-flies, house-flies and

every other kind of fly he could find.

And all the time that everybody was eating, Mr Mouse, who owned Mouse Market, walked around and smiled at all his customers and asked them if he could help them find anything they couldn't see on the shelves and thanked everybody for coming . . . everybody

Rupert and the Sky-boat—8



Margot holds the piece of metal while Rupert removes the iron hook from the string. Immediately she gives a cry, for without the hook to keep it down the bit of metal wrenches itself from her fingers and goes spinning right up into the sky. "Why, just look at that!" she gasps. "It can't



be metal if it does that! What can it possibly be?" They gaze at each other and then at the sky in bewilderment. Then they peer at the iron hook at their feet. "Well, there's nothing mysterious about that," mutters Rupert. "What can it all mean?"

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Four D. Jones BY MADDOCKS



JONES IS TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT

THE CRAYON JONES CROWD PLED ON LIKE A LOAD OF LOST SHEEP...



Sheaffer's
Newest
BALL POINT
PEN
AVAILABLE AT
ALL GOOD STORES.

FERD'NAND

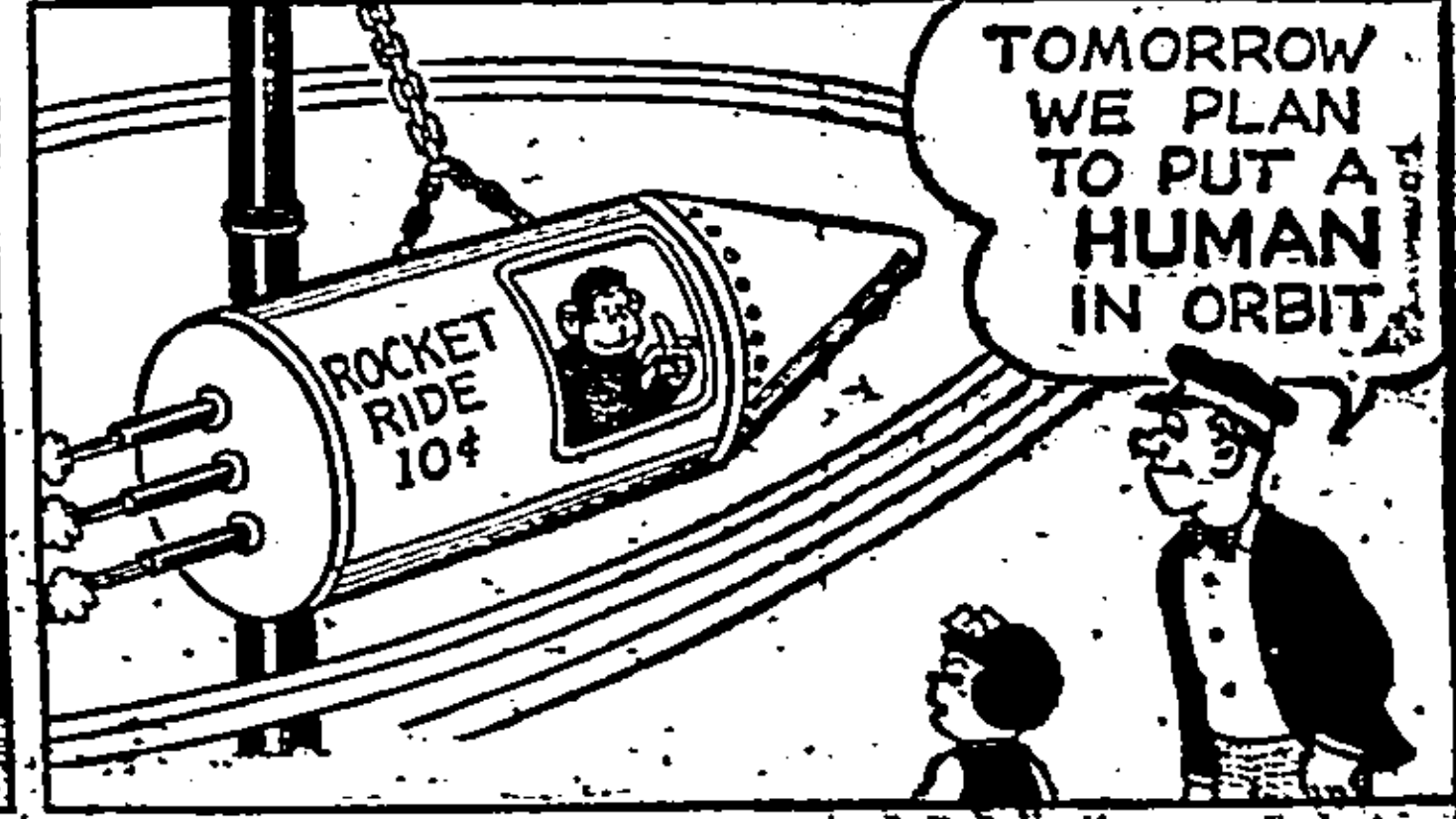
By Mik



SWISSAIR
BUT I
ALWAYS
TRAVEL
SWISSAIR
The Airline of
Switzerland

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Just the weather
for
Rowntree's
JELLIES

BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris



You can be SURE
if it's...
WELFORD



By Josephine E. Law

YOU reach the conclusion, backed by conclusive evidence, that our 'knights' chivalry is like a cheesecloth. It looks impermeable, but...

And please watch that sense of humour. It can make or break a friendship. With the male members of the population so outrageously outnumbered by us of the fairer sex, you don't want to throw our little Don Quixotes in a towering, blinding rage.

FOR an extremely lively and interesting 17-21 Club Page, I salute Mark Hunter. It made me long for my membership days—when I could justifiably stick my neck out directly into things.

However, I find I must put some matters straight. I suggested that boys give girls an idea of what to expect—formal or informal, and trust to the lady's good sense—meanwhile exercising what little of the said virtue they could honestly lay claim to, as a matter of course. If you had a suit for every occasion, birthday (ha!), beach, cocktail, you would have a precious few dresses! Nevertheless, 'dressing for the occasion' is so typically an example of the female vernacular, misinterpretation of it by the opposite sex is understandable. What it actually amounts to is dressing correctly—the particular female's interpretation of the word influenced by her sense of proportion, or if you will, her much sneered at birthright—feminine logic.

"Exposure"

Ever since the great 'exposure' was published, I have been besieged by girls who demanded, in no uncertain terms, retaliation. I tried to explain that I am sitting on the fence—the non-committal third party—the observer. Anyway, there was a shred of truth in what Mark said, and it doesn't bother me. (Says who?)

TO get back to clothes. I have a stunner. A dress, dead simple; a twist of chiffon, fly-away and ultrafeminine. Save it for the times a dramatic entrance is needed.

Aesthetics: Yes, I did tell you something to that effect. I think the frosted look goes well with tanned skin. I rather wish you explained what you meant by 'ghastly' though. Do you mean sort of purplish? If so, it is just that you are using the wrong pink.

To compliment your complexion, try blending your white with a lipstick that has more red in it. I do not wonder you find white alone ghastly, how else could it be! If you still find white hopeless, switch to gold. Whites usually take to the corals better.

Here is something extra. If you find that your lipstick cakes



into grains on you after a while, try powdering your lips lightly before and after painting them. If you find that you cannot dust them evenly, try blotting them with a piece of powdered paper. Does that help you any?

Conversation

THIS week, I would like to talk about the art of conversation. It is a hit or miss thing, I know, but you could draw some very general conclusions.

Starting a conversation with a person or persons unknown is treading on thin ice. You never know which apparently innocent remark of yours is going to end up with you barking up the wrong tree.

Look at the case of the poor boy who might be genuinely shy and unassuming. He makes a "boo-boo"—the king that is irrevocable. To a shy and unassuming girl, he establishes a bond, and all's well. But to a shy, unassuming but apprehensive girl, he takes on the feathers of the self-appointed Romeo, and....

Then you could arrive at the conclusion that shyness is an impediment, that it would be to your credit if you mastered it. With confidence and valour, you try to talk about things in the friendly vein you use with any of your friends. You give yourself a pat on the back mentally: you feel you have overcome a handicap.

A week later, you hear about Sir Galahad and his opinion of your efforts, which is all but broadcast over Radio Hong-kong, and which is to the effect that you were making a big play for him. For him! A Big Play!

You sit there, inarticulate with anger, forcing your mind to do what your tongue temporarily cannot—work overtime.

Will the truth strike home in Hongkong?

AMERICAN musical circles have known it for some time now, but the hard truth has only just hit the British. Rock and roll, so the Americans said, is on the way out. Now from Britain comes news of the depression there.

Said one publicity agent in a recent interview: "Teenagers are getting more discriminating. Most of the boys (rock singers) on tour are playing to half-empty houses... The days when kids would queue for hours to hear a rock singer are over."

Apparently top-notch singers like Cliff Richards and Adam Faith are not affected. Why? Because they have another medium to fall back on—television and the movies.

Hardest hit by the current trend are those youngsters who simply don't have talent. They are the boys who utilising a handsome face, and a gimmick were steered to the top by astute managers and an even more astute publicity man.

The modern youngster apparently is only interested in real talent. Well hurrah for him.

And what, in Britain, is taking the place of rock and roll? It's the cool modern bands of people like Johnny Dankworth, Ted Heath (when he leaves commercialised dance music behind him) and Dave Brubeck.

Also ballads and country and western songs are getting bigger audiences.

In plain words anything second-rate is out.

Perhaps in time our Hong-kong teenagers may see the light.

I cannot see it happening yet, but there may come a time when there will be only a

NOTES ON NOTES

By CARL MYATT

smattering of rock and roll numbers on local request programmes and disc jockey shows. Boys like Elvis, Pat, Ricky and Paul (Anka) will probably still be around, but I for one won't be surprised to hear Elvis singing from an album entitled "Beloved Songs My Grandma Used To Sing To Me." It should be fun. And I believe old Elvis can do it provided he fires the man who plays that twangy guitar in the background.

Yes sounds are changing, and tastes are changing. Probably another fad will come up soon and fade just as quickly. But good music will always be appreciated. So will good singers like Sinatra, King Cole, Darin and Mathis.

ATENTION all you Ricky Nelson fans. Have you heard your boy's latest LP offering "More Songs By Ricky." Well it's a "gasser."

Here Rick shows his versatility on a number of tracks. "I'm Not Afraid" is a typical Ricky offering—a rock-a-ballad which he does so well. But his interpretation of "Baby Won't You Please Come Home" really surprised me. It showed that Ricky has a hidden talent for jazz singing. I'd like to hear him do an album like Bobby Darin has done.

For those out and out rock fans, listen to "Make Believe" and "Ain't Nothing But Love." Real hard, shuffling beat. Just fine for the "chicken rock."

On side two, Rick does two real "oldies"—"When Your Lover Has Gone" and "Time After Time." I liked this album. It had a lot of variety and a great deal of the best Rick can produce.

A pleasant surprise for me was the short solos Rick does on the baritone saxophone, an instrument I am informed, he is just beginning to play.

And for all you Nelson fans, a

giant sized (22ins by 18 ins) coloured portrait of your boy goes with the album.
On Imperial LP 9122.

★ ★ ★

FOR a sample of the new trend in music—the modern sound—one should listen to the work of tenor sax man Benny Golson on his latest album on the Riverside label.

The LP is entitled "The Other Side Of Benny Golson" and features, among others, trombonist Curtis Fuller and Miles Davis' drummer Philly Joe Jones.

Golson is one of the most colourful jazz soloists around today. He plays with a great deal of imagination and lyrical power, building his solos with running, catchy, but always emphatic phrases—as the late Clifford Brown used to do on trumpet.

For a long time buried in the hurly-burly of the big bands, Golson has finally emerged as a saxophonist with much to contribute to modern jazz—and much to say (through his horn). He has been prominent on the jazz scene for years, but only as an arranger. Now his solo work on tenor is causing widespread comment in the modern jazz field—a field where you have to be brilliant in order to get even a quizzically-raised eyebrow thrown in your direction.

And Golson now qualifies for that top select group of jazzmen who have done much to make their music an accepted art in the field of American entertainment.

The times Golson has selected for this album are nearly all new. Three are Golson originals, one is by Fuller, one by new pianist Julian Mance and the other by Richard Evans.

Side one includes Golson's "Strut Time" which gives both the leader and Fuller ample time to express themselves fully. "Jubilant" is track number two and the piece generates subdued excitement. Golson treats it as a ballad. "Symptoms" by Fuller follows, with the writer taking the first extended solo chorus. Drummer Jones does some interesting things on this track. Side two includes "Are You Real," "Cry A Blue Tear" and "This Night."

On Riverside: RLP 12-290.

The Hit Parade

By Ted Thomas

NEXT week there'll be a new voice listing the best selling records on your Hong-kong Hit Parade. I shall be turning my attention to other forms of broadcasting, and my place will be filled by Michel Meredith, who has just joined the staff of Radio Hong-kong as a full-time announcer.

A lot of the younger set will already know "Mitch" as he's called in the studios. He's been around Hongkong for over twelve years now, and has appeared on Radio Hong-kong in many varied roles.

After an initial broadcast with the station's teenage programme, "Junior Fare," Mitch was cast for the part of Hamlet in Timothy Birch's festival production last year. Despite this he's retained a great enthusiasm for popular music, and the last time illness prevented me from appearing for the "Hit Parade," Mitch stood in and presented the programme himself.

Pressed for an inkling as to his preferences in modern day vocalists, he said non-committally, "Pat and Elvis."

Don't know where that leaves the Ricky Nelson and Paul Anka club!

★ ★ ★
ANOTHER change in the pop record shows soon will be the Joe Yee show "Disc Jockey." He will

1. Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini—Brian Hyland.
2. Look for a Star—Garry Miles.
3. My Home Town—Paul Anka.
4. It's Now or Never—Elvis Presley.
5. You Mean Everything To Me—Neil Sedaka.
6. Biology—Sue Raney.
7. I Love You in the Same Old Way—Paul Anka.
8. What a Difference a Day Makes—Joe Loco.
9. Candy Sweet—Pat Boone.
10. I'm Not Afraid—Ricky Nelson.
11. A Closer Walk with Thee—Jimmy Rodgers.
12. My Heart Has a Mind of its Own—Connie Francis.
13. Goodnight Sweetheart Cha Cha—Enoch Light.
14. Feel so Fine—Johnny Preston.
15. Half a Love—Lou Monte.
16. One of Us—Patti Page.
17. No—Dodie Stevens.
18. Sad River—The Platters.
19. Romantica—Jane Morgan.
20. Oh, My, You—The Ponitails.

★ ★ ★

move in to take over "Mun Wui" our Wednesday evening disc date on the Chinese network Z.E.K.

For a while "Disc Jockey," on Saturday afternoons, will stay on, until Joe establishes himself with the Mun Wui members (now numbering nearly five thousand).

Time was when Mum and Dad would sit at the radio and exclaim, "Why, that's a song what was popular when we were young!"

In those days a revival didn't come about until a song had been out of the public ear for twenty or thirty years.

In the atom age things have changed. To rate a revival a song need not be more than a few months old these days.

Example? The last year smash hit "Volare" or "Nel Blu Di Pinto Di Blu." Yes it's been revived already.

Since Domenico Modugno first released his song, no

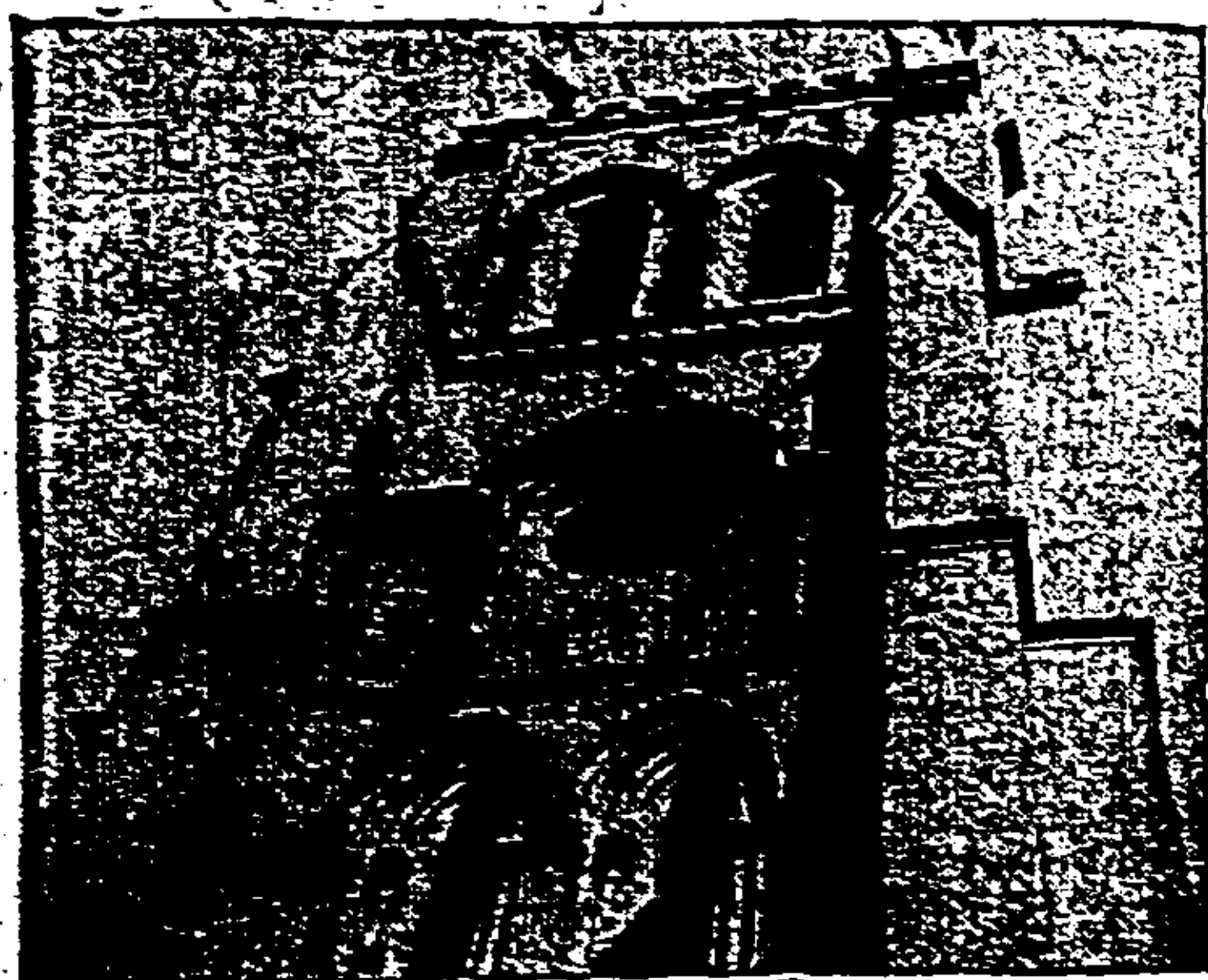
less than 35 different versions have been recorded, yet here it comes again with a new and entertaining treatment by Bobby Rydell.

One of the most amazing examples has been "Mack The Knife." True it's older than most, but after one big revival by Bobby Darin, a long slow fade, and near obscurity, it leapt back into the headlines with a new, (and to me rather sloppy) interpretation by Ella Fitzgerald.

HITS HERE AND THERE DEPARTMENT.

IN BRITAIN:—"Apache" by The Shadows (just released in H.K.). 2nd place: "Only The Lonely" by Roy Orbison.

AMERICA:—"Twist" by Chubby Checker. 2nd place: "My Heart Has a Mind of its Own" by Connie Francis (rated number 12 in H.K.).



Credit Card to Robert Bap.

Peel Corner

KATE O'REILLY

INTRODUCING Lucilla Yu Ming, Hongkong's first lady of the silver screen, lovely to look at and delightful to know, winner of the best actress award of the Asian Film Festivals of 1959 and 1960.

A lady as modest as she is the radles of both Japan and clever, as clever as she is Hongkong, that Yu Ming was beautiful, as beautiful as the most improved Asian actress of the year, she is talented, and as those who have seen her talented as she is modest, performance in "All In The Lucilla was born in Hongkong Family" the film which with stardust in her eyes (as her the award this year, will we say in Ireland) for her probably agree.



Soccer fan

Now Lucilla is getting down to what could be the greatest role she has yet played in the Motion Picture & General Investment Company's "Sun, Moon, And Star," an Eastman Colour production of wartime Hongkong.

In the photograph, you see her reading the script of this film. Lucilla takes the part of a simple peasant girl who, owing to the fortunes of war, finds strange friends from different strata of society.

Lucilla is a good sports-woman, excelling at swimming, and exceedingly fond of basketball, badminton, and water skiing.

father is the famous Pai Yu Tang, the Cantonese Opera player.

John Luff, who served on the Juries of the 1959 and 1960 Asian Film Festivals, said over

She is also a keen soccer fan. During the past 8 years, Lucilla Yu Ming has starred in 20 roles, and is under exclusive contract to the MP & GI Company of Hongkong.

The beatnik coal-cellar

MRS GREENE was thinking that it was high time somebody painted the coal cellar, and that somebody certainly wasn't going to be her. No sir!

Therefore she had Mr Greene stop over the hardware store to buy paint for the job after work one evening, and told him to do it.

When Mr Greene reached home that evening, he found Marijane, his daughter deep in conversation with her best friend, Judi, about how if you washed daddy's new socks in very hot water, they'd shrink to just the right size of bobby socks—for her.

Now Mr Greene had a golf tournament at stake, but what Mrs Greene said went; so that coal-cellar would have to be painted—though Marijane, of course, would do the job—he thought.

Therefore it was with the utmost tact that he approached her and asked what she was doing on Saturday.

Marijane stopped talking on the phone just long enough to inform him that she was doing anything but paint the coal-cellar.

"Not even if I gave you \$5?" he wheedled.

"Daddy-O"

"Well," beamed the obliging young lady, "that's different altogether. When do we start?"

Mr Greene glowed with satisfaction. "That's the cellar taken care of," he thought.

On Saturday evening Mr Greene returned home bursting with pride at having won the game.

After making sure his wife knew exactly how he'd won the game, and all the brilliant strokes he had made, he went downstairs to inspect the cellar.

He met Marijane on the landing.

"Oh, hi, Daddy-O!" she beamed. "Guess what?" she said with that certain look on her face. (Oh no, groaned Daddy-O inwardly).

My One and Only Wish

MY one and only wish is to be your friend, Is all that's dear to me, The desire you may discover, How lonely it could be, The dream, that happy ending, The joy forever knew, The wish to be your friend, That I may be spending my whole Life through corresponding with you.

★ ★ ★
When the months turn to years, Will my thoughts be dreaming you, When I ask you for your photo, Will you make my wish come true, The one and only wish, The one and only wish, My wish come true.

★ ★ ★
Before I go will you promise me, All that I have asked, And make my only wish to be yours, The one and only wish, the wish Please make my wish come true. (Credit card to Anna Chan.)

TALKING POINTS

He who talks much of his happiness summons grief. —GEORGE HERBERT.

Mirth makes the banquet sweet. —GEORGE CHAPMAN.

He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing. —OSCAR WILDE. (—London Express Service.)



Credit Card to Victoria Tang.

The alias of doom

OUTSIDE the physician's waiting room, the autumn leaves were beginning to fall to London's pavements.

The white-haired man sat by the window, smiling sadly as he watched them fluttering downward. They could easily symbolise the years of his own life.

"Mr Ullman, the doctor will have it done there? Arnold see you now," the nurse announced.

Kenneth P. Ullman seemed entirely at ease as he accepted the chair before the physician's desk.

"Mr Ullman," the clipped British syllables rang in the old man's ears, "the clinical findings are—well, . . . that a tumour has developed in the left cerebral sphere.

"I can only advise that you have immediate surgery."

Ullman's features tightened. "And who in England would be competent to perform such an operation?"

"Frankly," the doctor replied, "Since your home is in the United States, why don't you

Ullman shook the distinguished physician's hand.

Outside the Fleet Street offices, he walked back to his hotel, thoughtfully scuffing at the leaves.

Several days later, London newspapers reported a tragic event.

A famous American surgeon, Dr Arnold Joss, had committed suicide while vacationing in England.

Police were especially curious as to why a prominent doctor like Joss had registered at a small, obscure hotel; and under the assumed name of Kenneth P. Ullman.

Credit card to Robert Bau

MEET THE MEMBERS

JIMMY DICKSON, 18, student, 80 Pan Hoi-street, 3rd floor, Hongkong.

JANET WAL, 17, student, 1, Chun Fai Terrace, 2nd floor, Causeway Bay.

DOREEN LAI, 18, student, 24 Mosque-street, ground floor, Hongkong.

ELEANOR NORONHA, 17, student, flat F-2, 8th floor, Mirador Mansion, Nathan-road, Kowloon.



"That's where our future home will be"

Credit Card to Roy Fay.

★★★★★★★★★★ Roderick Mann IN ITALY ★★★★★★★★★★

Lollo sighs: I'm just a little dangerous...



● Girl with a future and a past—Yvette Mimieux who, despite her name, was born in Hollywood, gets a star part in a Hollywood spectacular based on H. G. Wells's story *THE TIME MACHINE*. First reports on her performance were so good she was given the star part in the new comedy film *WHERE THE BOYS ARE*.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA is back in Italy for the first time since her emigration to Canada—filming at this boat-cluttered Italian Riviera resort and apparently in excellent shape. She is making a new picture with Rock Hudson called *COME SEPTEMBER*, and recently after filming, she joined me for dinner at the hotel.

Far below us were the lights of the town and the boats dancing on the dark water. Not quite so far below us (in fact, just beneath our window) stood Miss Lollobrigida's pride and joy: a very large silver-grey Rolls-Royce.

It is a magnificent model, and when she drives in it the Italians—who appreciate the shape of a car almost as much as the shape of a woman—are not at all sure at which to whistle first.

"It was a present," explained Miss Lollobrigida, "from United Artists. They gave it to me for making *Solomon and Sheba*. I am very proud of it, but I am frightened to drive it. I am not a very good driver, you see."

'A LITTLE HELP'

"I am afraid I may be a little dangerous," she said rather sadly. "You see, I get easily distracted when I am driving. If I pass a newspaper stand, I tend to start reading the headlines on the newspapers instead of concentrating on the road ahead. This sometimes worries people."

"Then again I am not too good at telling my right from my left. As a matter of fact, when I took my driving test, and I was asked to turn left I immediately turned right."

"And you mean to say you passed?"

"Yes," she said. "With a little help from the Toronto papers."

Santa Margherita.



LOLLO
Missed a million

Never So Few with Frank Sinatra? That also got bad reviews didn't it?"

"Yes, it did. I wasn't happy with that one either. In fact, I had a nervous breakdown after I had finished it. You see, working in English is still not easy for me. It is essential that I learn my lines by heart so that when I speak them I do that when I think about them—otherwise I cannot give any sort of a performance."

EXCLUSIVE

"In that film they were rewriting all the time and they gave me my lines only the night before we were to shoot the scene. It was hopeless."

"Why did you accept the role?"

"Because I wanted people to know that at last I was able to work in Hollywood. You must remember that I had signed an exclusive contract with Howard Hughes 10 years before when I was a complete unknown. During all that time he never paid me a penny, and never sent me a single script, but because he had me under his exclusive contract no other Hollywood studio would touch me. So I had to make my film career in Europe."

"I was tied to this Hughes contract until last year, when he finally agreed to waive any future claims on me if we paid him a lump sum for *Never So Few*."

"Was it the fact that you are going to work a lot in Hollywood from now on that prompted your move to Canada?"

"No, I went there simply to get nationality for my husband, Milko Skofic. He's been stateless for 17 years, although he's lived in Italy all that time."

CRITICISED

"When due to an official mistake, my baby Milko was also listed as stateless at birth, I decided something had to be done. My baby was on my husband's documents, you see, and I couldn't even travel with him. The situation was quite impossible. That's why we decided to move."

"Were you criticised in Italy for going?"

"Oh, yes. I am always being criticised. Some Italian newspapers are always trying to make a scandal out of me. They cannot forgive me for being happily married to the same man for 10 years."

"They are always saying something about me. The latest is that I have an illegitimate daughter of 13."

"One paper said the father was an American officer; another that he was a British officer."

"She laughed. 'She's a very international-sounding daughter.'"

She gazed with her large, luminous brown eyes out of the window, at the lights of the yachts riding down in the harbour and the cars scudding along the coast road towards Portofino.

Summer was dying. The wind was getting up. She shivered.

"I am glad we chose Canada," she said suddenly. "I like the Canadians and I like Toronto. It is peaceful. There doesn't seem to be as much panic and unrest as everywhere else."

For a moment she was silent.

"Imagine," she said, "soon I will be a British subject. I can stand with them."

John Waterman

INSIDE SHOW BUSINESS

EVANS

The girl with an early taste for the grandiose

SANDRA DEE, who looks like a sugared Shirley Temple with sex appeal, says she is anxious to bring back the old-time star glamour to Hollywood.

When I met her recently in Italy, where she has been making "Romanoff and Juliet" with Peter Ustinov, she told me "Movie stars have to live in a world apart."

In California she lives in a white house with white curtains, white walls, white rugs, white furnishings, white sheets on the queen-size bed, white dogs roam the house.

And, oh yes, a white Thunderbird stands by the white marble swimming pool.

"You see," she said, flashing a white smile, "I want people to know that a movie star lives there and not have them disappointed. You can't be a star and be normal."

We said goodbye—and Miss Sandra Dee, the girl in a world apart, went away to have the curls taken out of her hair.

The problem of being Bartok...

I HAVE been talking to Eva Bartok about the problems of being Bartok. There are, as you may imagine, quite a few.

For instance: "One trouble is, people are far more interested in my private affairs than in my career as an actress."

She added: "If only my films were half as fascinating as my private life I'm sure I wouldn't have this trouble."

I suggested they filmed her life story and she said fine, but there would almost certainly be obstacles. Some insurmountable. Such as the censor.

Well, was Darwin right?

FORMER Royal Ballet dancer Peter Clegg is to play the title role in "Mr Burke M.P." in the next production at the Marmalade Theatre. Which is interesting—for Mr Burke is a monkey.

The play, a comedy by Gerald Frow, is based on the assumption that you can sell people almost anything. Even, it seems, a monkey M.P.

Comments playwright Frow: "Why not? After all, monkeys were the first to gather and chatter without taking any action at the end."

Mr. Wayne stakes his all

JOHNN WAYNE is flying to London to be at the royal premiere of his latest film "The Alamo." Now Mr Wayne is not a star to be lured easily to premieres.

"I hate them," he once said, "They make me nervous."

And there is a rather special reason why he has overcome his nervous distaste for premieres to give "The Alamo" a special send-off.

And it isn't only because Princess Margaret will be there. The truth is, Wayne has sunk his fortune—reputed to be £4,000,000—into the making of this Western.

As he has said: "Everything I've got is in this picture." And that includes his wife, two daughters, two sons and a son-in-law.

(—London Express Service.)

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BOOK PAGE ★

Here's something you mustn't miss!

AFTER 50 years out of print a great novel—the first great novel of this century—reappears now: "John Christopher," by Romain Rolland (Heinemann, 16s.).

The name is not well known here: no matter, we have all posterity in which to get to know it.

In these days, when one tends to think of a Nobel Prize as something invented for De Schweitzer, it is even a shock to realise that Rolland was awarded the Prize for Literature in 1915 on account of this book.

"John Christopher" is one of fiction's few truly convincing portraits of a genius, as against an eccentric. Based in part on the life of Beethoven, it tells of a small German boy living in one of those pantomime principalities of the Rhineland early last century.

Christopher's grandfather has been master of the local prince's music. His father is a brutal drunkard. At four, Christopher discovers how sound may mean melody, learns the piano, plays before the prince, becomes a little celebrity.

Subtlety

Grandfather dies, shouting the name of his own mother, whom he has never before been known to mention, and to the boy it is as if a force of nature has been withdrawn from the world.

Later Christopher falls in love with a girl whose beauty hides (as all but he can see) the suburban soul of a German hausfrau. His father commits suicide, selfish to the end. At 10, Christopher is head of the family.

The writing abounds in simple yet subtle touches, like clear

More about growing up

Growing up is also the theme of another, though very different, great novel re-issued recently "Sons and Lovers" (Ace, 2s. 6d.) by D. H. Lawrence.

Even now, 30 years after his death, Lawrence remains one of the most controversial writers of the day. Ironically, his fame is widest because of one of his least impressive books, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," which still cannot be published in full here.

Not that this nonsensical situation would have amused Lawrence. The raised eyebrows of irony were no part of his make-up. (Photographs show the intense, bearded face of a neurotic sage.) The earnestness is all, and often it topples over into absurdity—as witness his low-life characters who use a sort of pseudo-rustic dialect as if speaking with their mouths full of mangel-wurzel.

But the power and passion of his descriptive gift is unique. In "Sons and Lovers" writing about the Derbyshire mining towns he knew so well, he

THE MOST EXCITING SENSE OF WATCHING A GREAT DESTINY UNFOLDING...

by
Peter Forster

makes you almost able to smell the collar's clothes drying in front of the fire, and the dank-bromine of cabbage floating through from the kitchen.

The same

Paul Morel is a miner's son. His father is strong physically, weak in character. His mother is the exact opposite, and she brings up the family.

The familiar enough situation is conveyed with marvellous moving power—for she was Lawrence's own mother, and this was how he himself grew

up: in an atmosphere of perpetual penny-pinching, of Saturday-night rows after his father's return from the pub, of happy moments snatched amid hardship and grime.

Slowly, like a flower growing on a slag-heap, a new consciousness is awakened in Paul by books and paintings. His older brother dies of pneumonia, and Paul has to go to the pit-head to tell his father. The old man does not cry. For a while nothing is said, and Paul hardly notices how his father is "cleaning against the truck as if he were tired."

There, surely, is the touch of your novelist of genius!

Paul grows to manhood, becomes an artist, falls in love, once frustratingly, once consummatingly, and goes out into the world.

So did Lawrence, for they are one and the same, a spirit caught between Puritan clouds of conscience and the warming pagan sun of the senses.

As for that lack of irony—well, all too many writers have sat on the fence so long the iron has entered into their souls.



The secret fear of a child...

LUST FOR INNOCENCE.
Dianne Doubtfire. Peter Davies. 15s.

WHAT adult can divine every thought process of an eight-year-old child? Mrs Doubtfire makes a remarkable, convincing attempt at this impossible object.

A little girl is indirectly responsible for her loathsome mother's death under a tube train. The only witness is a man who pursues her, offers her gifts and takes her for car rides after school.

He threatens that if she tells anyone about him, he will reveal what he saw on the Underground—a little girl apparently pushing her mother on to the track. Who will then believe it was an accident?

Mrs Doubtfire brilliantly sketches the illogical, swollen fears of the child, torn between her secret and affection for her father whom she cannot tell.

This first novel has grown-up characters that lack subtlety by comparison, and more than a hint of melodrama, but it has a welcome compactness of plot and its pace beats strongly from first to last.

John Waterman

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A BADLY LAUNDERED SHIRT... IT ENDED BY DISCOVERING A SURPRISING RESEARCH ORGANISATION

THIS all began when a shirt came back from the laundry in a disgraceful condition. It is a shirt with collar attached—a soft collar, with soft cuffs. It arrived home from the laundry, looking elegant in a transparent bag. But when I took it out of the bag, I found:

- 1—The collar as stiff as a board, all wrinkled and ruckled;
- 2—The cuffs, likewise;
- 3—The buttons down the front were pressed right down into the material.

For this piece of shockingly inefficient workmanship I was charged 15. 0d. Normally, I do not send shirts and smalls to a laundry. A woman comes to my house who is a pearl among laundresses. She irons every garment with skill and pride. Her work is impeccable. But, at this time, she was on holiday. So I had to resort to the laundry. As this shirt was returned, my husband declared it was unwearable. I agree.

Doctor and patient

Why should this be so? For the answer I went to the man who knows more about laundry problems than any other man—or woman—in the country, Mr Jack Leicester, director of the British Launderers' Research Association, at Hendon.

He diagnosed the trouble like a doctor with a sick patient.

The collar and cuffs were stiff because the washhouse supervisor at the laundry had added too much starch. Carelessness.

The collar was ruckled and ruckled through bad workmanship.

The buttons were overpressed because the laundry equipment needed attention. The pressing machines are padded to prevent the buttons being forced into the material. These pads should be renewed about once a month. Obviously, my cheese-paring laundry had neglected to do this.

What can be done to prevent such neglect and penny-pinching at the expense of the customer? The answer is at Hendon.

When you pass through the glass doors into the Research Association's building, there is the same antiseptic cleanliness that you find in a hospital. Technicians—chemists, physicists and engineers—in white coats, and girls in coloured overalls hurry across the highly polished floor of the hall. Mr Leicester sits in a large upstairs room; from the windows he can see the dahlias in the front gardens across the road.

Immaculate

He is a big man, about 6ft. tall and 12st. in weight. By profession he is a chemical engineer. For 20 years Mr Leicester did research work for the Admiralty.

His shirt was white, like mine, immaculate white, semi-stiff collar with long points. "You have a good laundry," I said.

"Yes," was the surprising reply. "My stuff is laundered here."

In order to get a continuous supply of dirty linen to work on, the Research Association started its own laundry some years ago. Now 30 people are

engaged full time on it. Each week the laundry boxes are collected from the customers, who are charged the normal commercial rates for the district.

The standard of laundry is exceptionally high. "But," says Mr Leicester, "customers realise that occasionally an article gets badly knocked about, when we submit it to some new process. You see, we run the laundry purely for experimental purposes."

The Research Association is maintained by the industry. "Seventy per cent. of the laundries up and down the country belong to it," says Leicester. "Those outside are small concerns." Members pay an annual subscription.

In return they receive technical advice on every department of their industry. Eight experts are fully engaged travelling round member-laundries, inspecting plant, giving advice on the many problems that arise. And the Association works in close co-operation with the research organisations of kindred industries, such as soap and textile concerns.

Mr Leicester maintains that all his members, with rare exceptions, turn out first-class work.

"Then why not have a badge or sign for them that the public can easily recognise as a hall-mark of high service?" I asked.

"Because," says Leicester, "the articles of association of a research body, such as our own, preclude the use of the association's name for commercial advertising. In particular, support of research associations by the award of a Government grant would make advertising a difficulty. Every member can, however, use the association's insignia on stationery, show-cards and vans."

Blisters

My reply to this is that a rich and expanding industry like the laundries could well afford to do without this subsidy and establish their mark as part of their service to the public.

What new can we expect on the laundry front? The Research Association has already solved two problems

that caused much criticism: How to avoid blisters on men's collars; and how to preserve the immaculate freshness of drip-dry garments for men and women.

Now experiments are going on with an ultra-sonic energy generator. This would mean shaking the dirt out instead of washing.

I doubt if it will become an economic process. Far greater success has been achieved with a "continuous flow" project that has been under investigation nearly three years. This affects "flat" laundry, such as sheets and towels.

At present these have to be sorted, sent to the washroom, then on to the pressing and ironing plants.

"We are on the continuous flow," says Mr Leicester, "you put all the stuff in one end, and take it out finished the other end."

Like a sausage machine? "Yes."

This can be expected to come into operation before long. It will bring about a great reduction in labour and the costs of handling laundry.

"That," I said, "should also mean a reduction in the charges made to the housewife."

"Of course," said Mr Leicester. "That is the object of the exercise. Also the desire to improve the quality of the industry's work."

(London Express Service).



If you've ever scowled when the laundry arrives...

BY DORIS BARROW



"Boy! What a swell opportunity for Pop to capture him single-handed!"

London Express Service

And now Betjeman bares his past in a poem

THAT is how Who's Who described him in 1950. Now, ten years later they have him as "Poet."

by
Nancy Spain

What a change. Apparently if poems sell they then become respectable enough for this famous work of reference. Marvelous.

To the gossip John Betjeman is Princess Margaret's favourite author.

He has even been described to me as "the man who introduced Mr Armstrong-Jones to the gilded cage of royalty." To the advertising world Betjeman is the man who put Shell on the map.

First...

I know him well. To me, he has been an amiable colleague on various TV shows, a splendidly eccentric man, filled with passion (and compassion too) for such things as forgotten railway stations and Early English architecture.

Slightly tubby, often bicycling about London, with trousers firmly held by old-fashioned clips, teeth ever so slightly scrambled, eyes luminous and beaming, occasionally sporting dandified straw boater: Betjeman has always charmed me.

That is his secret. His poetry succeeds with the masses because it charms.

But now it makes news as well. His autobiography

in verse has been bought for an enormous sum as a serial—both in Britain and in the New Yorker.

The American version, which is about half the whole thing, fell on my desk recently.

It is literally the first time that a poem has attracted this sort of money and attention.

Even the scandalous Lord Byron was only published in volumes, and he never achieved Betjeman's spectacular sales. Seventy-five thousand of his last book, 70,000 already printed of this autobiography SUMMONED BY BELLS which is due out in November and is predestined to be the Christmas Book for 1960.

Glowingly, unashamedly home-sick for his childhood on Highgate Hill for the scrabble of his prep school where T. S. Eliot was handed an early bound-up book of The East of Betjeman, for the widening life of Marlborough and Oxford.

"One is only interesting when young and struggling," says Betjeman.

From Highgate, like Dick Whittington and his cat, Betjeman was summoned by bells to his fate. "I was a poet," he says. "That was why I failed."

Because they lack Betjeman's gift and skill, they cannot the selves celebrate the little triumphs of their lives.

Divinity, failed to please his father, failed to get a degree, "I was a poet. That was why I failed."

What irony. How delighted Betjeman's kind, unhappy, use comprehending father would be at the respectable sales of his son's work. How astonished by himself, his business, immortalised in ironic stanzas: "...and stock rooms heavy with the tangle On which the family fortunes had been made. The Alexandra Palace patent locks."

The Betjeman device for hansom cabs (Patents exhibited in '51 Improvements on them shown in '62).

Betjeman's work has a vogue (and much, much more than that incidentally) not because he is an acquaintance of royalty, and may or may not have written his new long work in Mr Armstrong-Jones's Rotherhithe hide-out.

Betjeman is read because he is easy to understand.

His way

He sees, through easily twinkling eyes, the things that millions of other middle-aged, middle-class men and women also find romantic.

Because they lack Betjeman's gift and skill, they cannot the selves celebrate the little triumphs of their lives.

"Come lovely bombs and fall on Slough!" wrote Betjeman. And we all agreed.

"...Edgar Allan Poe Who 'died of dissipation,' said the notes.

"And what is dissipation, please Miss Long?" His dreadfulness so pleased me that I learned

The Bells by heart...." he writes, and there is an echo (anyway) in my heart.

"Miss J. Hunter Dunn, Miss J. Hunter Dunn Furnished and furnished by Aldershot sun..."

is the sort of glamorous tennis girl that all the crowds at Wimbledon know. But only Betjeman had the wit to write her down, and the ability to make her seem profound as well as exquisitely funny.

More?

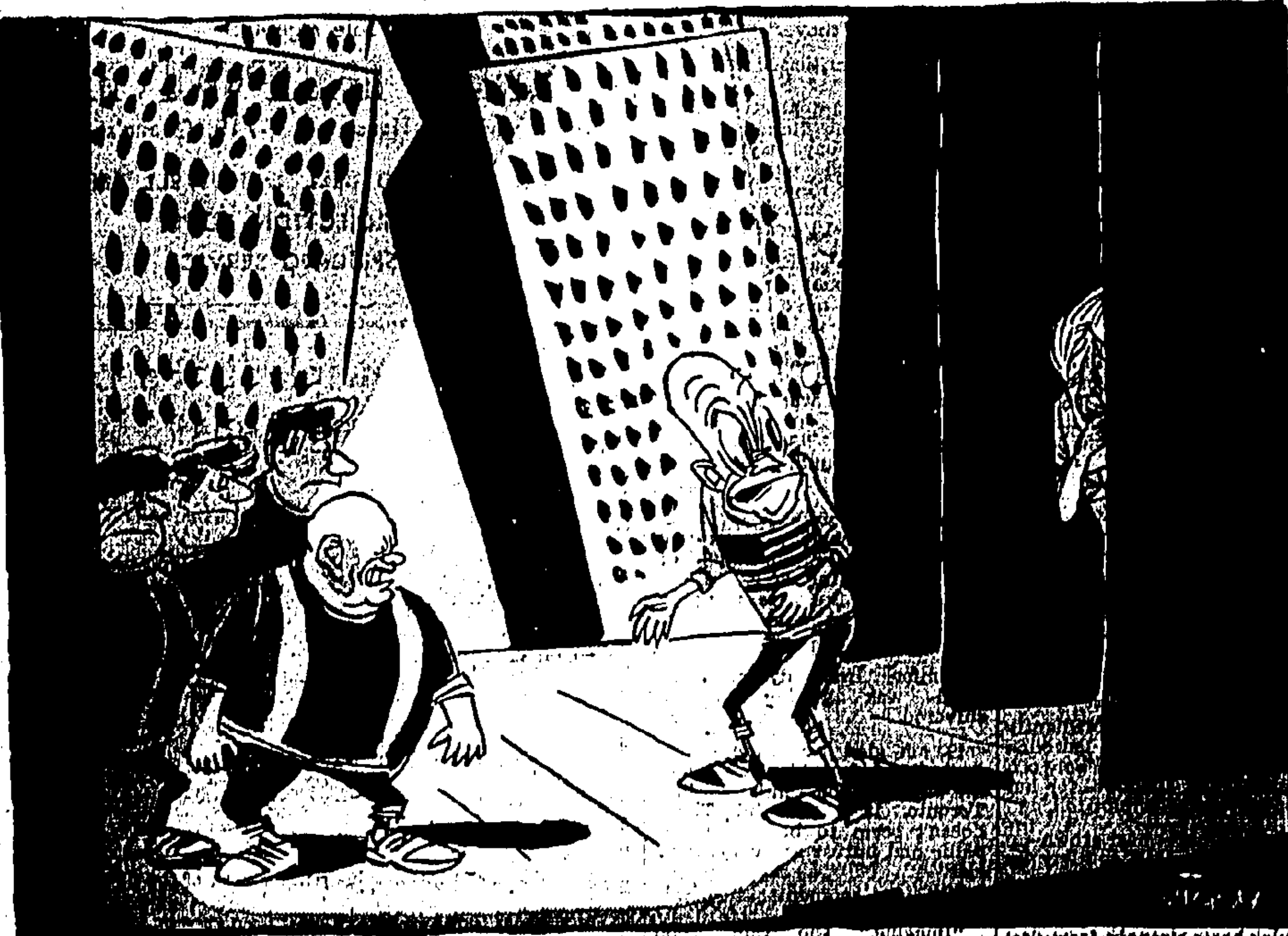
Whether Betjeman's poems will mean as much to us in 1970 is another matter. I'm sure I hope so.

If, for example, he continues his personal saga (it ends abruptly when he goes to be a failure as a master in a prep school) I think they might.

For if Betjeman could write equally romantically of the advertising world, of television, the war... then the sequel to "Summoned by Bells" might even out-sell 70,000 copies.

For historians of the future, who want to know how men and women of the "drowned generation" (born 1900, drowned by two world wars, drowned by social revolution, drowned by the spread of mass communication) died like TV, dressed and thought and reacted...

Such historians of the British middle-class why of life could have the better guide than Mr John Betjeman. (London Express Service).



WEST SIDE STORY

London Express Service

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

A breath of fresh air in local sport

By I. M. MacTAVISH

Bravo, the boys of Recreio . . . and thrice praised be the officials of the Hongkong Rugby Union who have encouraged them into the rugby fold.

The appearance of the Portuguese side in local competition is the best . . . and certainly the healthiest . . . thing that has happened to Colony sport in a very long time.

It may be that at the moment the newcomers are a bit lacking in rugby know-how but no one who watched them in action at the Club Stadium on Wednesday evening will doubt their courage . . . their enthusiasm . . . or their very obvious determination to make a success of their endeavours.

Until sheer exhaustion overtook them they played with the abandon that was refreshing to watch and once they have learned to exploit their own assets instead of trying to meet heavier and stronger opponents at their own game they will make a most attractive contribution to the rugby programme.

Not true

Almost as important as the appearance of the players on the field was the bright and lively support they brought to the sidelines. On Wednesday evening there were many new faces among the spectators and whenever the blue-shirted Recreio boys were on the run it was easy to hear where the crowd's loyalty lay.

There is nothing more encouraging to a player than a cheer or a round of applause from the stands and if Wednesday was a foretaste of things to come then quite clearly the Recreio XV will not lack suitable incentive.

The advent of this new community team is a really great moment for Hongkong rugby. It makes nonsense of the oft-heard comment that the local boys do not like the game because they are physically untrained to it, particularly when they have to face the heavier Europeans who make up most of the teams. The argument simply does not hold water. The Japanese and the young men of Taiwan have already pointed out the right way to Oriental players and now the equally slight Portuguese boys have given the final seal to the whole story.

A Chinese XV?

On Wednesday the Recreio team won the appreciation of the folks in the stand. They will win many more friends before the season is very far advanced for they so obviously ENJOY their game . . . and after all what does any game really mean when it has been stripped of its pleasure?

Is it too much to hope that a group of Chinese sportsmen will now band together to form another community team? A great welcome awaits such a side in Hongkong rugby. There are of course a few grand Chinese players in our midst and they may be the men to coax their versatile, ball-playing countrymen into active participation in the game which they obviously enjoy so much.

★ ★ ★

To judge by current events the whole future of Hongkong soccer is in the melting pot.

It appears the game is in grave danger of being consumed

in the fire which it has created under itself and unless the present endeavours by the HKFA to 'clear the air' are successful, the game as we know it at the moment may have a very short life.

Let us face certain basic facts. The standard of football now being played here is but a flimsy shadow of what we were seeing regularly only a few short years ago. The decline has been sharp and sustained . . . and virtually nothing has been done to arrest it.

That is the position at home . . . but just as important, and maybe more important to the future, is the fact that, justified or not, our reputation overseas has never been lower.

Some will probably say that this is a simple case of giving a dog a bad name . . . and maybe it is . . . but until it is clearly shown that the bad name is unjustified, and that all the accusations being made against Hongkong football are without foundation, then the sporting world will regard us with reservation and suspicion . . . and in the circumstances who can blame them?

A public inquiry?

There can be no doubt that many people in Hongkong and in other parts of the world are "dissatisfied" or should I say, "uncertain" or maybe "unhappy" is a better word, about the "amateur" status of many of our best known players. If one studies the local scene closely it is easy to understand why this is so.

It is quite obvious from recent developments that the Hongkong Football Association is getting more and more uneasy about the situation even if some of its members appear a bit reluctant to take sweeping remedial actions. In a way this is understandable but there is a growing feeling in many places that only two worthwhile courses are open to the HKFA . . . either it can make use of the provisions which are already available in its constitution and embark on a professional competition . . . or it could invite government—who cannot be indifferent to the position to convene a full-scale public inquiry into the affairs of the game.

An inquiry of the kind envisaged could have the widest possible powers of investigation to probe the circumstances of players, clubs, club officials, gambling and betting and to call on any person or group of persons—who might have something to add to the progress of the investigation.

The introduction of professionalism could be a quick and practical solution. It would put the control of the game

back into the hands of the clubs and of the association instead of being influenced by the whims of the players as it would appear to be at the moment.

There is nothing wrong or degrading about professionalism. Players can be professional sportsmen and still give the game service and dignity much higher than it is enjoying at the moment. Provision could be made for players to choose professional, part-time professional or amateur status as they desire but with the added proviso that all players . . . irrespective of their status . . . will be placed on the retained list of their clubs at the end of the season and that all subsequent transfers must be approved by the HKFA. Make no mistake about it—Hongkong can well afford a professional competition—in fact as things are going maybe it cannot afford not to have one!!!

Crossroads

Something certainly has to be done. If all the unpleasant things that are being said about our football and footballers are justified then it is the duty of everyone who has the good of the game at heart to strive, without reservation, for the restoration of its good name.

If, on the other hand, investigation shows that there is no basis for the accusations which have been made, or that exaggeration has distorted the true picture, then every man who is interested in soccer in our community must endeavour to spread the details far and wide and so restore international confidence in Hongkong football.

Circumstances have brought us right to the crossroads . . . someone of wisdom is urgently needed to point the way back to unquestioned integrity.

★ ★ ★

An interesting soccer interlude is promised when the Commonwealth Brigade of Malaya football team visits the Colony for a series of three games between Oct. 2 and Oct. 17.

The team which comprises mainly men of the 3rd East Anglian Regiment (who are the current holders of the Goldbeck Cup) gets an international flavour through the inclusion of players from New Zealand, Australia and Nepal.

During their goodwill tour the visitors will meet the Army at Sekong on Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 4.30 pm; the Combined Services in a charity match in aid of the SSAFA at Boundary-street Stadium on Friday, Oct. 14 at 5.15 pm; and the Police at Boundary-street on Monday, Oct. 17.

The three games are being given the gala treatment and

BRITISH SOCCER ON THE INSIDE

Joe Baker to ask Hibs for transfer?

By DAVID JACK

Now that Joe Baker (Hibs) has been dropped by England's international selectors for tomorrow's match against Ireland, the Baker boy may tell his club he'd like a move to England. Baker's international future is in the balance because some selectors feel that Baker, following two poor outings against Spain and Hungary, has now lost much of the zip that initially attracted them to him.

That loss of dynamic speed off the mark could cause the rift between Joe Baker and Hibs, because it is a fact that Baker is not happy about the Easter-road training routine.

Training trouble

Daily weight-training with barbells, designed to improve stamina, has had the double-edged effect of robbing Joe of speed. Several other Hibs players have spoken about the toughness of training at Easter-road, and at least two have been injured at baseball practice.

Having seen Baker only once this season, I asked my Scottish colleague, Hugh Taylor, for an assessment of Baker's present form. Said Hugh: "Joe is not as good as he was a year ago, and he's not getting goals."

"You can blame this on the poor support he gets in the Hibs forward line. His game is bound to suffer in such a side."

Whether we blame the training or simply his colleagues' deficiencies there is no doubt that Baker's short reign as England centre-forward could end tomorrow when the selectors announce their team to meet Ireland.

They're ready

And, being an ambitious boy, Joe Baker will obviously realise that his international prospects would be improved by leaving Scotland for a top class English club.

Already the big spenders are poised—enough books at the ready—Quevies, Sheffield Wed-

nesday, Manchester United and Everton all eagerly await what they regard as an inevitable softening in Hibs' sales resistance over Baker's transfer.

They may not have long to wait. AND THE BIDDING WILL START AT £45,000! And they'd better have something extra special to offer the player in the way of extra income apart from his Soccer wage. I reckon Joe is on at least £30 a week from Hibernian, and he'd be a mug to swap that for the £20 maximum operating in England.

Nurse and United

CONJECTURE, rumour and wild guesswork continue to surround the projected transfer deal between Manchester United and Swansea Town for centre-half Mel Nurse. Let's get the facts straight.

First, there is not the remotest chance of Alex Dawson leaving Old Trafford for Swansea in part-exchange. Second, a straight cash offer for Nurse has been made by United manager Matt Busby—and the figure is £30,000, not £35,000 as generally quoted.

Third, even this colossal offer for a player only slightly above average ability, won't tempt Swansea Town. Yet, Fourth, Swansea have a team of scouts on the trail of centre-forwards recently. If they find a suitable leader, Nurse will be transferred to Manchester United.

I can also tell you that Swansea have made a move to buy dashing Dave Hickson from Liverpool—without success. Another Liverpool centre-forward, Alan Arnell, might move

to Vetch Field, but I understand Swansea Town boss Trevor Morris feels Arnell is not quite good enough.

★

ARSENAL manager George A. Swindin, in Scotland last week, is VERY interested in Rangers 22-year-old left-half Billy Stevenson.

It's crazy

ALF YOUNG (Huddersfield Town) was undoubtedly one of England's greatest centre-halves between the wars. That's why I respect his opinion when he tells me: "English football must have reached an all-time low."

This outspoken condemnation was inspired by the hastily arranged fixture between England "Under-23" and Danish club side, Vejle. Says Alf: "Before the war, Huddersfield Town used to travel to Denmark to play their international side. Now the Danes can send a club side to play an England team. What a crazy situation."

I agree. In fact, whoever arranged this fixture put himself on the same level as the boxing match-maker who put Jose Gonzales and Joe Erskine into the ring! England "Under 23" v. Vejle drew 11,000 fans to Maine-road, England "Under 23" v. A. Combined Manchester City-United XI could have attracted 50,000. AND GIVEN US A MATCH WORTH WATCHING.

★

TOMMY DOHERTY has lost his Arsenal first team job because he was trying to do too much. As a Highbury official explained: "Doherty was so concerned about covering up other defenders—who didn't need the cover—that his own game suffered."

Manchester United supporters feel Maurice Setters, another industrious wing-half, could be making the same mistake.

NEW FOOTBALL LEAGUE CUP COMPETITION MAKES MODEST START

By ARCHIE QUICK

London.

For better or for worse, the new League Cup competition has been launched to further clutter up the League and FA Cup fixture lists. At Bristol, First Division Fulham, with the prize attraction of England captain Johnny Haynes in their ranks, drew 20,000 to the Rovers' ground at Eastville—centrally situated and on a fine night—and got beaten.

At West Ham, Charlton from just over the River were the visitors for what proved to be a really interesting "local derby" which West Ham won. If this had been a League match 30,000 people would probably have been there; if it had been an FA Cup tie, a 40,000 attendance would be a fair estimate. This game drew exactly 13,480 spectators.

So, with Spurs, Arsenal, Wolves, West Bromwich Albion and Sheffield Wednesday all taking part, the competition going to be a flop?

Not really, I think. Especially among the smaller clubs I feel that the idea will catch on, but I do not think it will be universally popular among the big clubs. It was talked upon them by the League Management Committee, the same as the £150,000 ITV deal was, and as a West Ham director said to me: "We entered out of loyalty to the Committee whom we elected. It is worth giving a trial anyhow."

There was not the excitement of a FA Cup tie about this West Ham match. Personally, I am of the opinion there never is any thrill about floodlight matches. It is a different game altogether, and it would need Real Madrid or Barcelona opposition to give it any excitement.

Then, presumably, the little clubs to whom it would be the greatest financial boon will have been eliminated. Equally so, the possibly big-time survivors are the last to want additional fixtures.

Sports Diary

TODAY
Admission: 10/-
Entries close for HKAAA's first open athletic meeting.
Cricket:
HKCC trial at Chater-road 1.30 pm.
HKCC trial at Happy Valley 1.30 pm.

TOMORROW
Admission: 10/-
HKCC trial at Seking 1.30 pm.
Wayfoong v. HKCC Wanderers, Chater-road 11.30 am.

Lawn Bowls
Ladies' singles and pairs finals at Recreation 3.30 pm.
Inter-Hong Pairs, second round, at HKCC, KCC, Recreio, PRC, IRC, KDC and HKRC.
Hockey:
Div. 1: Macanensis "A" v. Nav Bharat "A" (King's Park) 2.30 pm.
KCC "A" v. Recreio "B" (KCC) 4.30 pm.
Div. 2 (Section "A"): Prisons v. Macanensis "C" 4 pm.
Nav Bharat "B" v. Demons (Sookunpo) 4.45 am.
HKCC "B" v. Lions (HV) 11.30 am.
Section "B": KCC "B" v. HKCC "A" (KCC) 11.30 am; RAF v. IRC "B" (Kai Tak) 10.30 am.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 1st Race Meeting 1960/61 to be held on Saturday 15th and Monday 17th October, 1960, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 4th October, 1960.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

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